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The Week

HERR STRESEMANN'S answer to M. Briand's note of July 16, concerning the proposed security compact, justifies the interpretation which the New Republic has from the beginning placed on the German overture. The German government is using the negotiations over the security compact in order to find out whether the victors in the War propose to condemn Germany permanently to the position of insecurity and inferiority in which the Treaty of Versailles placed her. The note admits and even asserts that the conclusion of a pact of security does not "represent from the German point of view an explicit modification of existing treaties," but "should the allied governments intend to set up those provisions as sacrosanct for the future," the German government points out the essential absurdity of that contention. "The conclusion of the security pact would," according to Herr Stresemann, "represent an innovation of such importance that it could not but react on conditions in the occupied territories and questions of occupation in general." Such is obviously the case. The major premise of the Treaty of Versailles was the continued insecurity and inferiority of Germany. If this premise is abandoned, many provisions of the Treaty will lose their meaning.

BY "questions of occupation in general," Herr Stresemann means of course what is known as the sanctions—that is, the right which the allied powers possess under the Treaty to occupy German territory whenever in their opinion the Treaty is violated. M. Briand had insisted in his note of June 16 that a security pact, if concluded, would leave this right unabridged. Herr Stresemann answers that if such coercive action on the "unilateral discretion" of France or Great Britain is permitted under the security pact, there will be no security for Germany. He points out that "the system of guarantees would by such construction be invalidated to the sole detriment of Germany." All the decisions upon which the legality of coercive measures would rest, "would be put into the hands of one of the contracting parties." What Germany is trying to obtain from the security compact is a system of arbitration by legal procedure which will protect her against a repetition of the kind of legal violence from which she has twice suffered since the signature of the Treaty of Versailles. If France and Great Britain do not grant it to her, the attempt to organize peace or to substitute law for war in Europe will become farcical. If they do grant it to her, the grant will be the beginning of the end of the Treaty of Versailles.

WITH the death of William Jennings Bryan, even those papers which have recently attacked him most bitterly look back over his career for things to praise. The tendency to speak "de mortuis nil nisi bonum" is a natural and kindly one, even though it can, we think, be pushed too far, as it was in the case of President Harding. From Bryan's own point of view, it is fair to say, his career ended at its climax, in a blaze of glory; though from the point of view of many others, including the New Republic, it had long been on the downgrade. Viewing the hidebound fundamentalist, the Florida realtor of recent years it was difficult to remember that as a young man Bryan had been the leader of a movement of political revolt on which millions pinned their faith; and that, as he said only a few days before his death, he succeeded in the face of

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great odds in polling for his party a million more votes than it had ever before obtained—an increase of nearly 20 percent. It is curious to read, in LaFollette's Autobiography, of the enormous respect in which he held the Great Commoner at the time when "Fighting Bob" was Governor of Wisconsin and Bryan, as virtual dictator of the Democratic Party was wielding an almost unexampled personal influence. Did the country misjudge him then? Or did he afterward fall away from the standards of those early years?

IN OUR opinion both elements entered into his extraordinary decline. As long as he confined himself to the arena of political questions, people did not realize how narrow and bigoted were his views on other subjects, and how absolutely dissimilar were his opinions from those, for instance, of the great historic leader of his party, Jefferson. Bryan's early economic ideas were, in our judgment, wrong; but they were not much worse than those of many another public man of twenty years ago. In addition it must be said that as Bryan grew older, the quality of his thinking deteriorated. Constant public lecturing is intellectually debilitating; and no man appeared on the platform so often as he. Five hundred thousand dollars, as he indignantly remarked, is not a great fortune nowadays; but it is much too large to be acquired, as the bulk of his was, by making speeches. It is only fair to add that among the people who admired him most, from first to last, the charge of intellectual deterioration would probably be vehemently denied. His ideas in 1896 suited them; his ideas in 1925 suited them just as well.

THE threatened warfare between labor and employers in England partakes somewhat of the inevitable doom of a Greek tragedy. In at least three great industries—coal, railroads and transport, with others such as metal trades, ship building and cotton also involved, deadlock has been rapidly aproaching. It is certain that neither side is simply bluffing, or trading for an advantage which after all is not vital, as in the American anthracite dispute. Because the demands of the employers are for drastic cuts in wages and lengthened hours of employment, the workers are sure to resist them to the utmost in order to protect the hard-won gains of generations of struggle. Because British industry is in sore depression, and cannot recover, according to the opinion of the employers, unless it can meet foreign competition with lower prices, the demands are not likely to be modified. Capital has apparently set its jaws and determined to take the loss of the immediate conflict in order to save itself in the future. As the embattled armies wait the order to advance, the toll of unemployment steadily mounts, and the government is at its wits' end how to dispense the necessary benefits and still stick to its economy program. It seems as if only a sudden and unaccountable turn for the better in England's foreign trade could avert the crisis.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES attributes this deplorable situation to a premature return to the gold standard. He does not suffer the disadvantage of a prophet after the event. While the return to gold was still being debated, he wrote in the pages of the New Republic—as well as in British publications—that the fixing of the pound at a gold parity with the dollar would mean a sharp deflation of British prices, with the losses both to business and labor which such deflation necessarily involves. Real costs, he said, were higher in Britain than in her foreign competitors, and consequently British manufacturers and merchants could not maintain their position at the existing price level, if that price level should mean a gold-equivalent in the prices of competing countries. To illustrate: A merchant has been buying a certain article in England at one pound, the pound sterling being worth $4.79. Suddenly, however, through the return to the gold standard, the pound becomes worth $4.86. "Well," says the merchant, "I will not pay an increase of seven cents for this article, because I can get it in Germany for a price in marks equivalent to $4.81." "I cannot offer it to you at $4.81," replies the British producer, "because my costs are so high that I could not make a profit at that figure." If this sort of thing happens to enough British business men, you have either depressed trade or reduced British prices all round. But to get general reductions in prices in a hurry you usually have to cut wages. And so Mr. Keynes predicted the very trouble that now faces British industry.

SOMEONE may ask the question, How could such a result ever be escaped, if England is to get back to gold, or to make up for the loss of foreign investments suffered during the war? The answer of Mr. Keynes, very likely, is that a gradual deflation may be less painful than a sudden one. Deflation involves a multitudinous series of readjustments which shock less if taken slowly than if compressed into one sharp bump. It has been pointed out by others—less by professional economists than by labor experts—that there are two ways to reduce costs, first to pay less for what you buy, second, to buy less of it in order to produce a given result. Of these, the second is the only kind of cost reduction which eventually benefits everybody. In other words, you may not need to reduce wages if you reduce economic waste, increase efficiency of management, and enlarge the productivity of industry per unit of effort applied or material used. The proposals of the British Labor Party, of the Miners' Federation, and even of the Royal Coal Commission, brought forward long ago, were of this nature. But this type of industrial reorganization takes time, and to embark upon it requires a high degree of public intelligence, of social coher-

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ence, and of self-abnegation on the part of the privileged classes whom it directly affects. Because Britain could not muster these heroic qualities in time, she is now descending into the abyss of a class conflict fought, not to obtain a better life for the masses, but to avert a worse one.

THE importance of control of international cable and radio communication in case of war or the threat of war was never better illustrated than in the present Chinese situation. China has no means of communicating with the outside world. All her radio and cable service is controlled by the foreigners who are of course directly concerned in the present troubles. The local correspondents of the American and European newspapers and news agencies are themselves Americans and Europeans, living in the foreign settlements. Under the ordinary laws of human behavior most of them take the point of view of their own countrymen, with whom they are daily associated. To be sure, the Chinese side of the case has been set forth in numerous documents sent by mail to private individuals in this country and circulated by them. But the newspapers naturally want to print news, which as they generally interpret it, means telegraphic news. Under the circumstances, it is simply out of the question for the average American, who will gain his sole information on the subject from the daily press to get any clear idea of what it is all about. He will call it "Bolshevist agitation" and let it go at that.

IN THE Editor and Publisher for July 18, is an interesting anecdote throwing some light on the situation above outlined. Mr. Reginald Sweetland, night editor of the Shanghai China Press, is the author of a lively article about the adventures of the foreign newspapermen in Shanghai during the present disturbance. Not the least lively of his anecdotes is the following:

> C. J. LeValle, correspondent of the Associated Press [in Shanghai] was firmly convinced that the Bolshevists were playing a large part in the whole anti-foreign movement. Subsequent evidence tends to bear him out. He set forth to do some sleuthing of his own, convinced that he could find the key evidence necessary to prove his theory. After a day's work he stumbled upon a meeting of bewhiskered Russians. It was convened in a small, ill-lit room up interminable flights of infirm stairs, a wicked-looking den. Convinced that he had found what he was looking for, he broke in. After much palavering one of the members of the meeting explained what it was all about. It was a meeting of Russian peddlers who were drafting a resolution offering their services to the foreign military authorities for emergency duty!

This is funny. On the other hand, when you remember that the Associated Press is the most powerful single agency in enlightening the Americans who must take the lead in solving the Chinese problem; and that Shanghai is the critical spot where the trouble originated and is worst, the humor begins to taste just a bit sour on the tongue.

ABOUT one hundred French intellectual leaders, including writers, college professors and others, have jointly signed an exceedingly interesting manifesto. It protests against Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles, under which Germany assumes the sole guilt for the war. It also demands abrogation of the sanctions articles, 227 to 230. Among the signers, it is interesting to note, are French historians, such as Georges de Martial and Mathias Morhardt, who have made a special study of the origins of the war. Others whose names appear, according to the Paris correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, include Marc Sangier, Jules Romains, Romain Rolland, General Percin, Victor Margueritte, Charles Gide and Henri Barbusse. The manifesto does not ask any revision of the treaty. "But," it says, "it is impossible to prejudge the issue [of war guilt] like this."

> There can be no way of conducting this immense trial, in which the whole of humanity is interested, in all the complex detail of its causes, without having all the archives open, nor anywhere save before a supernational court. . . . Article 231 was extorted from Germany only under violence and under a threat of an immediate restarting of the war, which might have led to her complete ruin. The day of such summary judgments without appeal has gone by. It is just as iniquitous to condemn a nation to dishonor unheard as an individual to death unheard.

Publication of this document, as the Manchester Guardian is careful to point out, does not mean that its signers absolve Germany of *all* guilt. It is only the admission of sole responsibility, made with a pistol at her head, which they protest. Already, in the eyes of all intelligent people throughout the world, whatever reality may once have attached to that admission has long since disappeared. It is impossible to believe that it will be taken seriously by anybody in the future.

MORE and more it looks as if automobile users in the United States are destined to pay a large slice of the British debt to this country, if not, indeed, to play a substantial part in the rehabilitation of British foreign investments and thus of the whole economy of England. Crude rubber is nearly at a dollar a pound, having risen about four-fold in the last four years. This is due, on the one hand, to the Stevenson restrictions of production in the colonies, adopted to avoid the ruin of the plantations during the last depression, and on the other hand to the enormous growth in demand, partly attributable to the introduction of balloon tires. And a report of authoritative geologists, recently issued by President Catlin of the Mining and Metal-

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lurgical Society of America, states that the peak of petroleum production in this country was probably reached in 1923, and that the curve of demand has now definitely crossed above the curve of supply. This means a trend to higher prices, bringing into the market more and more imported oil, which must come chiefly from British-controlled fields. With a continuance of anything like the present use of automobiles, importation of crude rubber at high prices, and of a growing amount of oil would greatly swell the import surplus which is necessary to discharge the British war debt. The mechanics of the transfer of course would be somewhat more complex than this. It would begin with our payments for the imports, pass through the profits made directly and indirectly by British firms as a result of the trade, approach its goal in the British tax collections made possible by the profits, and then come back to the United States Treasury. Or, following the process one step further, it would pass to government bondholders, who would thus be paid by indirect taxation of automobile users according to the extent of their use rather than by direct taxation of income receivers. After all, that may not be such a clumsy method of distributing the burden.

The Ruhr Evacuation —and After

NOW that the French government is withdrawing the army of occupation from the Ruhr Basin, it is time to review the record of the post-war French invasion of Germany and to consider its present significance. That significance has worn of late a different appearance. It looked in the beginning as if M. Poincaré's adventure would produce results as quickly disastrous to the welfare of France and to the peace of Europe as to the economic survival of the German nation. The French army severed the industrial heart of Germany from its food supply and markets in the other parts of the country. Yet the reasons which M. Poincaré urged as a sufficient excuse for this surgical act would, if they had remained valid, have forbidden French withdrawal for many generations. He explained the invasion of Germany as the punishment of that country for having failed to redeem its promise to deliver an economically incredible amount of reparations; and he insisted that the occupation would continue until Germany discharged these impossible obligations. Thus the occupation was according to his account to be indefinitely prolonged and its continuation could not fail to destroy the psychological and economic foundation of European order.

Twenty months later in the summer of 1924 another French government did nevertheless agree to evacuate; and its successor is keeping the promise. The French nation which formerly had supported M. Poincaré by a large majority now seems reconciled to the abandonment of the property which it seized as security for the non-payment of the debt. Yet it has not collected and it has not received any assurance that it can collect. What is the explanation of this infirmity in French policy? Did the Herriot government merely accept the excellent loophole which the Dawes Report offered to crawl out of an impossible predicament? Or did the French calculate that as a result of the Ruhr invasion they had brought about a revision of the Treaty of Versailles which set up the administrative machinery for the more or less permanent economic subjugation of Germany?

The explanation probably is that the shrewder French politicians in supporting M. Poincaré's invasion of the Ruhr realized that they were playing the game two ways. There was a chance that the seizure of Germany's most important industrial assets might produce real money. If the Germans did not resist or if their resistance were soon to collapse, the French army of occupation might conceivably extort from Germany a substantial volume of economic product which could be profitably sold in the world market. This was the outcome which the French naturally would have preferred. For in addition to being fairly profitable, it would have converted industrial Germany into an economic dependency of France and compromised the national self-respect of the German people. But assuming that the Germans resisted and the seizure proved unprofitable, the French could still play the hand in another way. The French army of occupation possessed a nuisance-value which both Germany and France's disapproving allies would be obliged to recognize. In order to get the French army out of the Ruhr, to restore the indispensable economic productivity of Germany, and to avoid the threatened collapse of the whole European structure, the German and British governments would be forced to agree to an economic receivership of Germany which would consummate the French policy of reducing that country to a position of legal and permanent inferiority in the European society of nations.

As we all know, it became necessary for the French to play the hand the second way. The Germans did resist. Although their resistance collapsed, it lasted long enough actually to threaten the early appearance of the economic disasters which the opponents of the French adventure predicted. It was touch and go for a while whether the franc would not follow the mark downward into the same pit of discredit. It was rescued only by American assistance which would not have been forthcoming unless M. Poincaré himself uttered some vague promises to be good. The Dawes Commission and the Dawes Report followed, which the British and the Americans devised and which the French and

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the Germans both accepted under compulsion. The French by occupying the Ruhr had created an economic and political tension which could be relieved only by a heroic remedy. The remedy consisted in the conditional legal emancipation of Germany from the ruinous and impossible orders of the Reparations Commission and the blood-sucking of the army of occupation but only on condition of the acceptance by her of an international receivership which would place under alien supervision and control practically the whole of German economic life.

A French statesman can consequently plausibly allege that from his national point of view the Ruhr invasion has sufficiently justified itself. France has, indeed, been obliged to surrender some of the arbitrary power which the Reparations Commission formerly exercised over Germany, but by virtue of her bold and single-handed seizure of German territory, her government has exchanged for what it has surrendered a new and much more effective legal control over German economic activities. During an indefinite future economic Germany is converted into a machine which is allowed to subsist only for the purpose of grinding out tribute. France may not collect all she needs in the way of reparations, in so far as the amount falls short, but the Dawes receivership will protect her against any malingering on the part of the debtor. It will collect every dollar which can be squeezed out of Germany. The administrative machinery whereby they hope to accomplish this result will be equipped with more moral authority than the Reparations Commission ever obtained. The receivership is not only an Anglo-American contrivance and can depend on Anglo-American support, but it was accepted by the German people with fewer reservations than they accepted the Treaty of Versailles.

There is much truth in this French contention, but we are reluctant to admit that it contains anything like the whole truth. The New Republic has always considered the invasion of the Ruhr an act of criminal international violence, for which a disarmed Germany is entitled to indemnification. We do not like to believe that in the world of today the perpetrators of such an act will reap from it a harvest of net advantage. At present it is doubtful what the outcome will be. The invasion of the Ruhr did not at the time it was committed provoke the general outburst of protest and consternation which it deserved and which would have rendered its repetition impossible; but subsequently its consequences threatened to be so disastrous that if its repetition is proposed, it will be met with a more irreconcilable opposition on the next occasion than it was in January, 1923. It forced upon reflective people in England, America and to some extent in France a keen consciousness that as long as such violations of the territory of defenseless peoples were possible under European law, there was no such thing as public security in Europe; and it has consequently strengthened the hands of the German government in the attempt which it is now making to abolish the worst offence of the Treaty of Versailles, which is the power conferred on France and Great Britain to make war on Germany under the forms of law. But France has not as yet shown any disposition to abandon a right to invade Germany which many French publicists consider the best guarantee of French security. Nations are not prone voluntarily to surrender rights which they have profitably exercised, and the great majority of Frenchmen undoubtedly consider that the use which they have hitherto made of this right is both justifiable and remunerative.

Yet if the invasion of the Ruhr is, as we believe, an international crime comparable in the flagrancy of its violation of public order to the partition of Poland or the Treaty of Frankfort, France will in the end pay an analogous price for her abuse of power. The three governments which partitioned Poland and the one government which dictated the Treaty of Frankfort have all since been destroyed, and their destruction was due at least in part to the obstacles which their acts of violence had raised against the gradual organization by conference and consent of a more orderly Europe. The French Republic can hardly escape a similar penalty. As a consequence of the evacuation of the Ruhr, the Republic's penalty may be less severe than the corresponding penalties were in the cases of the Russian, Austrian and German Empires, but unless it is ready quickly to follow up the evacuation of the Ruhr with further concessions it cannot hope to escape the consequence of its violation of public order. The invasion of the Ruhr created, as we have seen, a tension so severe that a heroic remedy, such as an international receivership, was demanded for its relief. But heroic remedies have a way of doing more harm than good soon after they have put an end to the crisis. In the present instance, the economic receivership of Germany will before long begin to create an alarming amount of friction. The German people accepted it in order to save themselves from an utter economic and social collapse, but by accepting they only exchanged a prolonged for a summary execution. The receivership is an instrument of economic subjugation, and if the German nation is allowed to recover any real independence and power it will never settle down until it throws off the intolerable bondage.

The evacuation of the Ruhr, consequently, has only changed the nature of the grave international predicament which the French policy towards Germany since the armistice has posed for Europe. The predicament itself still remains. It is less acute than formerly but no less inevitable. Will France voluntarily allow the Germans to recover their independence, their security and their control over their national life or will she refuse to permit the emancipation of Germany until she herself is humbled? She evacuated the Ruhr which is an enormous gain,

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but she did not evacuate it until the financial and economic headquarters of Germany in Berlin had been occupied by the authorized agents of the essentially French policy of keeping Germany in subjugation. The next question is: When will Berlin be evacuated? When will the legal German obligation be reduced to a possible figure and when will the Germans themselves be allowed to plan and to operate, under sufficient penalties, their own means of payment?

It will soon be just as necessary for the welfare of France, the survival of Germany and the peace of Europe that the remedy for the evacuation of the Ruhr be abandoned as it was at one time that the evacuation itself should take place; but it may be more rather than less difficult to devise a sufficient remedy for the remedy than it was for the disease. The French, it must be remembered, accepted the Dawes plan, not as an escape on their part from a tight place, but as a magnanimous but final concession to Anglo-American tenderness for Germany. They have insisted that if the Dawes plan does not work, and particularly if Germany does not continue to submit willingly to its burdens and privations, they will on the next occasion collect the full amount of the bond, no matter what the consequences. Perhaps when the next crisis comes they will behave more temperately than they talk, but if so, it will be an act on their part of sheer magnanimity. They have obtained a clear legal right to their pound of flesh—a right which is affirmed by the victim and corroborated by the allied powers. It remains to be seen whether the French will try to collect, and if so, what the consequences will be.

Prices, Tariffs and the International Debt

EUROPE'S just complaints over our insistence that our allies repay the money which we loaned them during the War are being reduced to their lowest terms. The latest contribution to the subject comes from the eminent Swedish economist, Prof. Gustav Cassel. Writing in the American Bankers' Association Journal he characterizes as "airy talk" the suggestion that the whole claim should be cancelled. The United States has, in his opinion, "a right to insist upon the question of this indebtedness being treated seriously and with the same consideration as is usual in respect to other debt." He thus makes short shrift of the legal and ethical phases of the matter.

He has little doubt, also, about the ability of our principal debtors to meet their obligations. He conveys his disdain for the assertion on the part of some of our debtors that they cannot pay, when he says:

> When one sees that such poor countries as Finland, Hungary, and Lithuania have already arranged for settling their debt, and that even Poland recently has been able to do so, one has the impression that the same ought to be possible for most of the other countries involved.

He goes straight to the heart of the French situation when he insists that

> the great difficulty in the case of France doubtless consists in the internal financial problem of taxing the French people sufficiently for creating a surplus available for payments to the United States. But even this problem can be solved. The military expenditure of France can obviously be very considerably reduced and the enormous sums which are now squandered on an absolutely useless occupation of German territory could better be employed for the payment of France's clear obligations.

But Professor Cassel realizes that our debtors do feel a sense of injustice, and he believes they have two good reasons for feeling that we are treating them with undue harshness. Even the most fair-minded Europeans think it is unfair that we are asking them to pay the same number of dollars which we loaned them, when the price level has fallen greatly since the time when the debt was incurred. For this change in prices makes the dollar which we are receiving at this time worth 38 percent more than the dollar we loaned, according to Professor Cassel's computation. In other words, as long as prices remain on the present level the dollars which they must repay us will buy as much as $1.38 would have purchased at the time they contracted the debt. If the price level continues to decline over the next decade or two this disparity will be accentuated. It is entirely possible that the dollars that our allies are paying us a dozen years hence will be worth twice as much as those which we loaned them. The price level in the United States during the '90's was on the average half as high as it had been in 1870. There were drastic declines in the price level for many years after the Napoleonic wars. It is certain that in terms of real purchasing power the debtor nations will return to us dollars which are far more valuable than those which we loaned them.

Professor Cassel suggests that the debt be scaled down to correspond to this advance in purchasing power of the dollar. This would reduce the debt in the case of Great Britain from $4,577,000,000 to $3,327,000,000, a shrinkage of a billion and a quarter dollars. In the case of France the debt would be scaled down from $3,340,000,000 to about $2,425,000,000. These are substantial reductions, and would, in his opinion, go a long way toward making the payments a financial possibility for those governments.

Such a scaling down of the debt would not, of course, take care of future increase in the purchasing power of the dollar; but it would be a recognition of the fact that it is unjust to proceed in the settlement of these inter-ally debts as though the value of the dollar were unchanging.

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The other thing that annoys our debtors by its manifest injustice is the fact that we charge them an import duty on the goods which they bring into this country and sell to us for the very purpose of getting the money with which to pay the principal and interest on the debt. This looks to them as though we were collecting interest twice, as it were: once on the loan and once on the privilege of paying it. For what the New Republic has repeatedly pointed out has now become generally recognized: that the debt must be paid in goods. Europe has already sent us more than $2,000,000,000 in gold since 1915, and has returnd to us the greater part of the stocks and bonds of American corporations and American governments which were held abroad before the War. She can, therefore, pay us only with goods, and on these goods she must pay an import duty when she brings them into the country. The remedy for this situation is, of course, as we have often said, a revision of our tariff schedules. It is Professor Cassel's opinion that a more liberal tariff policy would entail a distinct net gain for this country. It would bring about a concentration of our productive powers upon objects for which we are best adapted, and would, he believes, strengthen the position of the farming classes.

If this reduction in the amount of the debt and in our tariff schedules were carried through, the United States would no longer have any need to hesitate in insisting upon payment. What of the practicability of these suggestions? Logically they are sound and just from the standpoint of the debt. Are they politically feasible? Anyone who knows the temper of American public opinion will say at once that both proposals are merely academic, because there is no likelihood whatever that they could be put into practice here in the form in which he suggests them. It might be possible, however, to put his proposal for scaling down the amount of the debt into practice in a somewhat modified and obscured form. The repayment of the debt consists of two parts: principal and interest. If our debtors extend their payments over sixty years as in the arrangement with Great Britain and pay us interest at an average rate of 3½ percent, the total sum which we received from them will amount to more than twice the face value of the debt. If the interest rate were fixed at 2 percent it would manifestly reduce the sum total of their payments and the burden imposed upon them considerably. If the interest were remitted entirely, and they were asked to repay only the principal, it would amount to a cancellation of half the debt, even if they were to repay us the debt in thirty years instead of sixty.

It is more than likely that the proposal to accept a repayment of the principal of the debt in thirty annual installments, and to waive all interest, could be "sold" politically to the American people. Every actuary knows that $350,000,000 annually, for thirty years, has a present value on a 4 percent basis of only about $5,000,000,000. A settlement calling for such a repayment would actually amount to cancelling half the debt which all the Allies owe us.

But the average voter is less rational in such matters than the actuary. He would insist that our allies had paid us back what we loaned them, $10,500,000,000. True, we waived the interest, but that is the sort of thing that any decent man does when he lends to a friend in distress. If the original sum is repaid, the self-respect of both borrower and lender has been maintained. Irrational, you say? Yes, but truly American. The same reasoning holds for a reduction of the rate of interest to, say, 2 percent. Such a lowering of the rate would be tantamount to the scaling down which Professor Cassel proposes.

Professor Cassel's suggestion for a more liberal tariff policy is quite unlikely to yield any practical results. It seems futile to expect any lowering of the tariff at the present time. There is a bare possibility that the presidential campaign of 1928 will have results which would make possible a tariff revision downward. But with the Congressional elections of 1926 coming on there is no possibility of action by the next Congress, and practically none for two years thereafter. March 4, 1929, seems to be the earliest date at which such a revision of our import duties has the slightest possibility of being taken under consideration. Even then it would take months to put it into effect, so that the end of the decade will be upon us before there is any likelihood of following out this suggestion.

Nor are the events of the next three years likely to put America in the mood for tariff revision downward. There is the greatest likelihood that the year 1927 will see severe pressure on the American price level from European competition. The readjustment of industry to the new conditions of revived industrial activity in Europe and of a creditor position for the United States will be trying enough without tariff reduction. Each group will try to shelter itself behind the highest protective tariff wall possible. Our statesmen will demand that the burden of making the adjustments necessary to effect debt payment shall be put upon our debtors; and the tariff will throw this burden upon those who owe us.

Yet justness and fairness demand that we give them some credit for this. Why would it not be both fair and feasible to credit our debtors who are sending goods into the United States with the tariff which we collect upon those imports? This credit would be applied against the principal and interest on the debt. It would be much more simple and direct to waive all interest payments on the debts our former allies owe us, or at least to reduce them to a rate as low as 2 percent. But if that is not accomplished, if we insist on our full right as creditors to be paid in dollars whose purchasing power is increasing from year to year, let us at least credit them with the tribute we levy upon the goods with which they pay.

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The Scientist Bends the Knee

THE legislature of Tennessee, the late Mr. Bryan, and all the God-fearing people everywhere who are afraid of evolution have made a great mistake. They think that scientists are men who put truth above tribal loyalty and clear thinking above the needs of the human spirit. They are wrong. As scientists everywhere have arisen to assure them, modern science is a noble, beautiful, and sacred expression of man's highest aspirations. No one could possibly believe more devoutly in God, morals, and Christianity than the research scientist, blessed as he is with a unique opportunity for studying the Divine plan in all its transcendently spiritual details. Science itself is nowadays a form of piety —so we have been told by those who speak for science. In the words of a recent winner of the Nobel prize, in physics, "The most important thing in the world is a belief in the reality of moral and spiritual values." The discord of The Origin of Species and Genesis is all a dreadful misunderstanding.

Take, for example, the moving picture, Evolution, which is now being shown in all the better theatres. This film was taken under the direction of a scientist, a member of the staff of the American Museum of Natural History. As a summary of astronomical and geological history it is quite remarkable. The formation of the solar nebula, the separation of the planets, the planetescimal hypothesis of the growth of planets, the condensation of the oceans on the earth and the rise of the continents, the appearance of protozoa in the primordial ooze, the development of species, fish, reptiles (including the inevitable dinosaur), mammals, primates, neolithic man—all pass before the projector's eye in orderly array. Seeing is believing. The cinema of living protozoa is most convincing. But what does it come to? What is this theory that is so convincingly portrayed? The audience is informed, once and for all in the subtitle which concludes the show. "Some people call it evolution," so this scientific generalization is worded, "and others call it God."

This is no random aberration, this call-it-what-you-like-the-name-don't-matter science. To attribute the sub-title to the influence of the movies would be a distinct slight to the majority of contemporary scientists whose sentiments it reflects. During the last few weeks scarcely an issue of the intellectual monthlies, the informational weeklies, or the Sunday newspapers has appeared without an article by some scientist of note defending evolution as the very pattern of God's wisdom. Most prominent among the defenders of the faith is Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum. Doctor Osborn has written to the papers, and composed answers to Mr. Bryan for the magazines, and now he has gathered these papers into a book, The Earth Speaks to Bryan, which he has rushed through the presses of Charles Scribner's Sons just too late to catch the Dayton crowds. The book is dedicated to John Thomas Scopes, who, it seems to Doctor Osborn, "elected to face squarely the issue that the youth of the state of Tennessee should be freely taught the truths of nature and the fact that these truths are consistent with the highest ideals of religion and conduct," and the author's obvious intention has been to follow up Professor Scopes's great work and lay further emphasis upon the marvelous benignity of an order of nature in which the truth is so perfectly adapted to the requirements of religion and conduct. For this purpose Mr. Bryan has been pressed into service. On various occasions he has posed the issue thus: "The real question is, Did God use evolution as His plan?" Again and again Doctor Osborn reiterates this question. For him it is the crux of the whole matter, and therefore, of course it does great credit to the acumen of its author. But the answer is, Yes. God did use evolution as His plan. This is the teaching of science. The evidence is on exhibition in the American Museum of Natural History. More than this, evolution is a sacred theme.

> The moral principle inherent in evolution is that nothing can be gained in this world without an effort; the ethical principle inherent in evolution is that only the best has the right to survive; the spiritual principle in evolution is the evidence of beauty, of order, and of design in the daily myriad of miracles to which we owe our existence.

Possibly not all of Doctor Osborn's sentiments would be endorsed by every scientist, yet the feeling behind his words is general. It is by no means limited to Americans nor has it been aroused merely by the Dayton trial. Those great European scientists who devote their declining years to the reconciliation of science and religion write from the same premises and in a very similar vein of rhetoric. Neither is susceptibility limited to biologists. The author of the Credo signed by forty scientists and university presidents and issued to the press from Washington in May, 1923, was a physicist, Doctor Robert A. Millikan. That creed set forth the content of the scientific mind in these words:

> It is a sublime conception of God which is furnished by science, and one wholly consonant with the highest ideals of religion, when it represents Him as revealing Himself through countless ages in the development of the earth as an abode for man and in the age-long inbreathing of life into its constituent matter, culminating in man with his spiritual nature and all his God-like powers.

If this is modern science, then clearly science has passed into a new phase. Not long ago the scientist was the natural enemy of the theologian. The theologians all thought so, and judging from their anxiety the scientists thought so too. Some of them assumed hostility to revealed religion as a matter of principle. Thus the great champions of evolution, Huxley and Hæckel, and the great evolutionary philosopher, Spencer, rather gloried in their

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heresy, not because biological evolution disproved any one particular revelation concerning the origin of things, but because the scientific point of view precluded any sort of revelation. Natural knowledge and religious authority were direct contraries, in the mind of Huxley. To him scepticism was a scientific duty, "and it cannot be otherwise, for every great advance in natural knowledge has involved the absolute rejection of authority, the cherishing of the keenest scepticism, and annihilation of the spirit of blind faith."

To some extent this difference is temperamental. Though Darwin was not as evangelical as Osborn, he was also not as fiery a heretic as Huxley. In various passages he expressed his belief that evolution was compatible with some sort of divinity. He would not have said that science furnishes a conception of God, but he did appear to think that evolution reveals God's plan. And, on the other hand, the will to doubt continues to move isolated individuals today. Jacques Loeb was a fiercer doubter than Huxley, a more obstinate monist than Hæckel.

But Loeb did not, and does not, represent modern science. That is the significant fact. He was our greatest biologist, perhaps, but he was not the spokesman of biology. He had a Distinguished Service Medal, but he was not a major general. Therefore his opinions, whatever they may have been, were private opinions, and had no part in the official strategy of science. That strategy is strictly conformist. It can do no good to point out that "god" is not a scientific conception, that scientific researches reveal nothing but material facts, that spiritual principles are as irrelevant to biological evolution as jabberwocky. Every scientist knows this. No one understands better than the president of the American Museum of Natural History that in the process of biological evolution the one test of fitness is the fact of survival, that in phylogenetic history fitness and survival define each other so that survival proves nothing whatever but such fitness as led to that survival, and fitness means nothing more than whatever capacity did in fact survive. Nothing could be further from any "spiritual principle" than biological evolution. But all this is beside the point. The strategists of modern science do not intend that their words shall convey any precise meaning, scientific or theological. What they do intend to convey is an attitude.

This attitude was negatively defined three years ago in the pages of the New Republic by Professor Robert Lowie. He was challenging a remark of Professor H. H. Newman's in the preface of his Readings in Evolution, to the effect that he had been "at some pains to make it clear that evolution and religion are strictly compatible." This, said Professor Lowie, is not the attitude proper to a scientist. A scientist should say: "We do not seek to undermine your faith; but we shall teach you science, whether it undermines your faith or not." This is precisely what the modern strategists of science wish to avoid. It was all very well, we imagine their saying, for Huxley to refuse to believe on any but scientific grounds "even if that refusal should wreck morality and insure our damnation several times over." The situation was quite different in Huxley's time. For one thing, morality was in no danger then of being wrecked. He lived at the height of Victorian propriety, before the War, before Bolshevism, before civilization arrived at the crossroads, before the passing of the great race. Today we are faced with all these things. They are facts. We know, now, what the wreck of morality might mean. Furthermore, Huxley though he was the spokesman of science in his time was not the spokesman of society. Then the scientist was an outsider, a knocker at the gate of civilization. Today he sits in the seats of the mighty. He is the president of great universities, the chairman of semi-governmental councils, the trusted adviser of states and even of corporations. That indifference to consequences which is possible, if not proper, to a scientist who is only an irresponsible teacher and research worker is not possible to scientists who are the custodians of civilization. When you become a custodian of civilization, the most important thing in the world is civilization, more important even than the science through which you rose to your position of power and esteem.

This is the spirit of modern science. What it means to civilization is apparent. It means that the masters of science are also the masters of civilization, and it means that they do not intend to take any chances with civilization. What this will mean to science it remains for the next generation of scientists to discover. The next struggle between science and theology is apparently going to be a struggle between a new generation of Huxleys and Doctors Osborn and Millikan. If any one is in doubt about this let him turn to page 75 in The Earth Speaks to Bryan and note the readiness of Doctor Osborn to scrap the whole science of psychology because of its improper attitude toward the soul. "We may turn to physicists and physiologists for a rediscovery of the soul and the spiritual nature of man." So be it.

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The Tragedy of Waste*

I. The Wastes of Production

YOU and three others are approaching a spruce-clad island on a lake in the virgin wilderness of northern Ontario. You have two canoes and between their thwarts lie your food, your tent, your axes. The nearest Hudson Bay Post is 100 miles to the south. You are on your own. Completely. It is after six in the evening and storm clouds are banking in the east. It promises a wet night in camp.

What precisely is your procedure as the canoes ground on the beach? With small variations depending upon the expertness of your technique, your procedure is this. The tent is slung and ditched on a high level spot. If time allows, bedding is cut. Blankets and spare clothing are safely stowed inside. The canoes are turned over and supplies stored beneath them. A small cooking fire is lighted between two upright stones and supper started. To be fed after a twenty-mile paddle, to keep warm and dry against the storm—every motion is conserved to that end. To defy it may turn a summer holiday into a tragedy.

But suppose one of you had roamed the woods and brought back toadstools for a mushroom soup; one had lain down on the beach and gone to sleep; one had cut down tall trees for tent-poles when all that was demanded was a rope slung between two standing trees; and one had built a fire fit for the roasting of an ox, which presently began to eat its way into the forest.

Even those who picnic in Fords would quail before such a mad performance. But for 100 millions of us living under the blessings of laissez faire in the greatest republic ever heard of, its industrial counterpart is known and practiced as business-as-usual. For in this mad camping party we have illustrated the four great channels of waste which normally obtain in the going structure of industry.

1. The toadstool broth represents the man power which flows into the furnishing of vicious or useless goods and services—patent medicines, opium, superluxuries, the bulk of advertising, war.

2. The sleeper on the beach represents the man power which on any given working day is doing nothing—by virtue of unemployment, strikes and lockouts, preventable accidents and diseases, the idle rich and the Weary Willies.

3. The hewer of tent poles represents the excess man power required to produce and distribute necessities and comforts because the technical arts—the best way of doing the job—are not made use of. Failure to use scientific management, standardization failures, excess plant capacity, restriction of output, lack of cost control, cross hauling, failure to utilize by-products, excessive distribution costs, and above all the failure to coördinate national production to national requirements—demonstrated as not beyond the range of human administrative capacity, by the war—all combine to force the taking of two steps where one would suffice.

4. The fire builder represents the waste of natural resources. In lumber, in coal, natural gas, oil, minerals, soils, fisheries, a continent has been gutted, and for every ton reclaimed a ton and more has been needlessly and irretrievably lost.

No analogies are ever exact, but I believe that this is a fair analogy. As one goes deeper and deeper into the statistical studies, the government reports, the findings of specific surveys, the great mass of quantitative data already available covering these four main channels of waste, it becomes increasingly evident—with an evidence which stuns—that what is madness and folly in a camping party is normal and unchallenged in a great industrial society considered as a whole.

It is the purpose of the book from which these articles are condensed to set forth in some detail the quantitative evidence, grouped into the four main channels, and finally to come to some rough conclusions as to the total man power lost in the first three, and the loss and leakage of natural resources in the fourth. Any exact computation is manifestly absurd, but perhaps it will be possible to show at least a minimum margin of waste. And we can promise that this minimum is still immense—enough, if it could be taken up, utterly to abolish poverty, enough to bring the good life within the reach of the last family in America!

Not four of us, but one hundred millions are beaching our canoes under a rising storm from the east. Can the millions ever bring themselves to act with the purpose and the sanity of the normal four? That is the challenge of waste.

In selecting these articles from the manuscript of the book, the New Republic has not included the chapters dealing with the definition of human requirements, the performance of the war control boards as illustrating the possibilities of industrial coördination, or the wastes of idleness. And needless to say a great deal of the illustrative material has necessarily been eliminated. We shall start with the technique of production.

Man power losses due to bad technical methods in production and distribution constitute one of the

* This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Chase. In greatly expanded form, they will appear as part of the material in his book, Work and Waste, to be published by the Macmillan Company, New York, this fall.

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main counts in the indictment of our present civilization on the score of wastefulness. Granting that the producers of illth gave up their jobs and returned to useful occupations, granting that the idle went back to work, what wastes of man power would still remain to be catalogued? Obviously the cases where two steps were taken when one was sufficient, where three men were employed to do the work of two, where current industrial practice did not live up to the progress of the technical arts.

This is, of course, dangerous ground to deal with at all, and impossible ground upon which to be dogmatic. The technical arts are changing so rapidly, that it would involve a ruinous capital outlay to try to keep the whole industrial structure on a par with them from day to day. On the other hand, when a technique has long been subject to trial and error; when a superior way of doing the work has been demonstrated through years of experience—say in coal mining, lumbering, shoe making, textiles—and when it appears that an appreciably large fraction of the industry fails to take advantage of these demonstrated methods, and shuffles along in its own rut in its own way—then, it seems to us, as it seems to the Federated American Engineering Societies, a true element of waste arises; more men are fussing with the job than the job requires or the same number of men properly organized, can increase the output.

There is another aspect, however, and, to our minds an even more important one. Waste arises not only because individual plants are badly managed, but because there is very little coördination between the requirements of the population to be served by the output of those plants and their production schedules. No manufacturer is sure whether his mill is going to run full time for the coming year, or half time, or shut down altogether. Requirements are not accurately known, and even when calculated roughly by statistical bureaus, no attempt is made to apportion them among the various units, so that each plant may run on an even, "balanced load" basis with the consequent saving in overhead, and economy of operation which such a program entails.

During the war, all this was beginning to change. A functional control was in birth. It calculated requirements for a large fraction of the national needs, and attempted to adapt production to them. So great was its success that it increased the output of physical products per man employed by some 30 percent. The war boards did control, nationally; they coördinated coal with steel with munitions with textiles; they did not think primarily in terms of profits and prices, but in terms of tons required as against tonnage capacity. If such control is conceded as ultimately workable in peace time, and its procedure laid like a yard stick across the present industrial wilderness, a very great margin of waste must inevitably come to light.

We have then two problems of waste in production: the losses exposed by critical review—particularly by scientific management—*within* the boundaries of business-as-usual; and the further losses exposed by comparison with a functional control—such as the war initiated. The former is the more "practical" aspect of wastes in production, the second the more speculative, and in the long run the more important.

The going structure has been under fire—particularly and specifically—ever since Frederick W. Taylor began his studies in the art of cutting metals in the Midvale Steel Company a generation ago. What Taylor did was to apply scientific methodology, as opposed to guess work—to the job of making up a given amount of raw material into a given finished product. To accomplish this end it became necessary to analyze every factor in the chain, to bring to bear the last word of technical knowledge, and ultimately to set up performance standards.

Taylor's work was a bombshell in the industrial world. The "practical" business men raged and stormed, called him theorist, visionary and crank. But the engineers—who ran the works for the business men—began to listen. By 1911, the outside public began to listen. When Brandeis charged the railroads with wasting a million dollars a day—a charge based on a Taylor analysis—the whole country began to listen. Scientific management became a national watchword. Despite its mistakes, blunders, and a most unholy crew of camp followers, scientific management has opened the eyes of the world in general, and the industrialist in particular, to the waste and leakage of business-as-usual. Hundreds of surveys have been made in scores of industries with a view to locating preventable loss. A whole new engineering school has arisen whose chief job is waste elimination.

The Federated American Engineering Societies as a result of their analysis of six industries, set forth the following 14 points as the main sources of technical waste:

> 1. Faulty material control—workers sitting around waiting for materials. 2. Faulty design control—lack of standardization of equipment and products. 3. Lack of production control—bad scheduling of work through the factory. 4. Lack of cost control—absence of cost accounting. 5. Lack of research—few technical research departments in factories; lack of statistical information on markets and demand. 6. Faulty labor supply control—lack of personnel departments and consequent high labor turnover; excessive hiring and firing. 7. Ineffective workmanship—lack of vocational training, resulting in high spoilage factor. 8. Unemployment—cyclical, seasonal; including strikes and lockouts. 9. Idle material—deterioration and obsolescence of excess stocks. 10. Idle plant—failure to use plant and machinery to capacity, on balanced load basis. 11. Restriction of output by management. 12. Restriction of output by labor. 13. Preventable sickness. 14. Preventable accidents.

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If all the metal factories could be run as efficiently as the best metal factory studied, the industry would improve its performance from 1 to 4.5 or 350 percent. If all the textile mills could be run as well as the best textile mill studied, the textile industry would improve its performance from 1 to 1.5 or 50 percent; the boot and shoe industry, on the same basis, would improve its performance 200 percent.

A Chicago brick machine makes 49,000 bricks per hour. According to Ethelbert Stewart, if all plants were as efficient as the best brickyards in Chicago, the industry could release 80 percent of its employes, to other productive work—or if it kept all its men, make 5 times as many bricks. If agriculture throughout the United States were as efficient as it is in the State of Illinois—taken as a unit—Mr. Stewart claims that 4,619,000 workers could be released to other pursuits, and we would still secure the same agricultural output. There are boot and shoe factories where the output is two pairs per man day, and others where it is twelve pairs. If all saw mills were as efficient as the *average* (not the best) mill, one half the present man power could produce the present output.

Time-study work, motion-study work, the setting of production standards, inventory control, the flow of raw materials through the plant, the proper adjustment of belting and the power load, the most efficient type of machine, cost accounting control, research, both as to production processes, and market outlets—all come under this general heading of plant control. Idle plant, unemployment, turnover losses, personnel control are also, of course, a part of the efficiency engineer's problem.

In respect to responsibility for waste, the Federated American Engineering Societies conclude, as a result of their studies, that the chief burden falls on management as follows:

Industry	Waste due to Management	Waste due to Labor	Waste due to Outside Causes	Total Responsibility
Building Trades	65%	21%	14%	100%
Boot and Shoe	73	11	16	100
Metal Trades	81	9	10	100
Printing	63	28	9	100
Men's Clothing	75	16	9	100
Textiles	50	10	40	100

While these percentages (although prepared with immense statistical decorum) make us wonder how it is humanly possible to come to any such definite figure when dealing with a problem that is half psychological, they tend at least to show that American managers have much to learn about running their own plants.

Ethelbert Stewart of the Department of Labor sees as one of the principle items of production waste, the failure of American industry generally to substitute machine power for man power. Because foreign labor was cheap, and required no upkeep in the form of interest, insurance, taxes and depreciation—(it could be fired at will, and if it was damaged in the shop, it could bear the whole cost itself)—manufacturers have let the Wop and the Hunkie wear out their lives doing what a machine could do quicker and better, and, from the social point of view, cheaper.

In the United States we have applied standardization to a few industries. Unfortunately there are many others to which this principle has not been applied. Progress is steadily recorded, but an immense amount of lost man power remains. There are 102 sizes of men's shoes. It is estimated that the extra cost to the shoe business caused by odd sizes amounts to 100 million dollars a year. Ninety-one percent of all stores entering the retail shoe business go bankrupt—more than half of them because of odd sizes. Shoe sizes are not standardized, one maker's number 10 may equal another maker's number 9. In 1920, the Regal Shoe Company had 2,500 styles of shoes which sold at an average price of $10.46 per pair. In 1923, the company cut its styles to 100, with a standard selling price of $6.60. As a result it has doubled the number of shoes sold, while reducing its inventories 25 percent, and reducing the number of store clerks. There are 34 sizes of wheat packages in use, yet 97 percent of all shipments go in 5 sizes. There are 200 types of printing presses to do the work which 5 types could do equally well. A recent questionnaire to professional engineers prepared by the American Engineering Standards Committee revealed 1,000 outstanding opportunities for eliminating waste through standardization.

What has been the chief drive behind this "multiplication of complications"? Competition and advertising—both the life of trade. Simplification would be the matter-of-course rule in a *functional* society—just as it was made the rule by the War Industries Board in 1918. To try and force it into an acquisitive society is a commendable, but we suspect a limited, gesture. Where will the "talking points" of the salesmen be? What will the advertisers have to beat their breasts about? How is Smith's plumbing to rise over the prostrate corpse of Jones's plumbing—if uniform industrial standards of quality, type, and interchangeability are set up?

The word "standardization" is perhaps an unhappy one. It connotes in the lay reader's mind a dead level of uniformity, regimentation, an industrial goose step. It may be that of course. But there is another aspect of standardization, a better name for which might be "simplification," or "unification." When a certain point in the technical arts is reached, the time comes to set up a standard practice for past experimentation, to make the job as automatic as possible, and so save freedom and energy for further exploration. Reducing styles

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to the number actually in demand, reducing processes to a minimum of lost motion—clears up the shop so that output may be increased at a lower unit cost; so that the management may have some peace of mind to go on to research and improvement.

Perhaps what strikes us most forcibly in considering this matter is the item concerning the buyer's problem. What woman has not worn out months of her life in shopping from store to store trying to find articles which were dependable, durable, up to standard? For every success, how many failures in this search are to be recorded! What would it not mean to be able to go direct to market and to secure—without haggling, balancing, or delay—foodstuffs, stockings, shoes, underwear, house furnishings, table knives, textiles, manufactured to guaranteed standards, and of a quality as well recognized as the sterling mark on silver?

Standardization is not of course a lone element of waste that may be appraised by itself. It is linked with idle plant, with unemployment, with advertising, with business failures, with adulteration, with industrial coördination. In the automobile industry alone the American Engineering Standards Committee estimates a possible saving of $750,000,000 through standard practices. Mr. W. A. Durgin, late Chief of the Division of Simplified Practice in the Department of Commerce, has estimated that $10,000,000,000 a year could be saved in the United States through industrial simplification. "The waste we are warning against comes entirely from over-diversification." Ten billions divided by $2,000 is the equivalent labor power of some 5,000,000 workers.

The salvaging of material normally thrown away is one of the greatest fields for waste elimination. The chemist and the physicist do not see refuse dumps as we tend to see them—piles of unsightly and exhausted material. They see them as piles of nitrogen, hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, ammonia, sulphates. The technique of recovering value from dump heaps has progressed far. But American industry—with Ford as usual in the vanguard—has only just waked up to the discoveries which the chemists (mostly German) have made.

A perplexed manufacturer was sitting through a meeting of the Taylor Society in 1921. Efficiency, standardization, technical improvement were in the air. About him were gathered some of the most competent industrial engineers in the country. Finally he arose and said, "Why is it that although there has been improved machine after improved machine, although we have increased the productivity of the worker, the productivity of the plant, the productivity of the nation, the cost of living is constantly increasing? We do things so much better than they have ever been done before, yet it apparently costs more to do them that way, and the difference is not in the rise of wages.

"I believe it is the dissipation of energy through competition. These great varieties of styles to choose from do not reflect the wishes of the consumer, but the bright idea of some salesman to build up lagging sales. There must be more coördination between sales and manufacturing."

We can only agree with Mr. Leffingwell, the manufacturer-turned-philosopher. What are our 3,000,000,000 slaves of mechanical energy doing that so little net good comes back to us? They are working hard producing, and, under the spur of competition, they are working even harder selling, but the two processes are not coördinated. In the resulting gulf, the labor of untold men and women, and of their mechanical slaves, is submerged and lost. Through failure to adapt production schedules to national requirements, through the building of unneeded plants and the maintenance of those plants when built, through the dumping and destruction of finished products which cannot find a hungry dollar though there may be plenty of hungry mouths, through restriction of output by management and men, through bad community planning resulting in the congestion of cities and the loneliness of the country-side, through over-centralization of industry, through uneconomic location of industry, through commercial failures due to ignorance of supply and demand, through the hoarding of technical knowledge for private gain rather than its release for community use—waste takes its mighty toll. These are matters concerned primarily with the technique of production—with the taking of two steps where one would suffice. But we cannot stop them from ramifying into other classifications as well. Lack of coördinated control leads to the long-swing business cycle of booms and panics, and in many cases to the short-swing seasonal cycle of rush months and dull months. They are thus bound up with the waste of idle man power. They affect the whole technique of selling and are thus bound up with wastes in distribution. They are affected by advertising, by speculation, and are thus bound up with wastes in consumption. They are affected by plant management and standardization failures.

Coördination means planning for a given end. It means the traffic cop instead of a free-for-all. In the present case, it means the ascertaining of human requirements in bulk terms of food, shelter, clothing, and the adaptation of the productive plant and the distributive system, to meet them with a minimum of lost motion. The Council of National Defense worked on such a program during the war. It determined gross requirements in tons or cubic measure for the entire population and against them measured the operating capacity of farms, factories, storage space, transportation facilities.

From the point of view of the functional society, it is probable that failure to coördinate industry on the basis of peace-time requirements is responsible for the greatest man power waste of all. Under

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the doctrine of business-as-usual, we are shooting blindly, without aim, without goal. We have no knowledge of the consumptive capacity of the country, or even of its possible absorption of goods in terms of price. Each industry, each plant, is trying to sell all it can. Newcomers are continually breaking into an industry that already has sufficient plant to furnish double the consumptive requirements. When the price of soft coal runs up, scores of new "snow bird" mines are opened in the hope of quick profits. Meanwhile the mines already developed can produce, at full capacity, 150 percent more coal in a year than the country has ever used. One automobile tire concern has the plant facilities to supply the entire national demand. Yet new concerns invade the tire business.

Lack of coördination in balancing production against requirements leads inevitably to restriction of output—both on the part of management and men. Owners restrict output to maintain prices, to force higher prices. Labor restricts output to make jobs last longer and so stave off unemployment.

Output may be restricted either by refusing to make, or scrapping or destroying what is made. To illustrate: the Brazilian government restricts the coffee acreage to a crop which will yield a good price; a fruit company, finding the banana market in New York below normal, may dump a shipload into the waters of the harbor. In an economic system based on price considerations rather than upon the direct satisfaction of wants, restriction of output is bound to be one of the major elements of waste in production. In a functional society with approximate output calculated in advance, productive capacity would be geared to such output, and restriction in the sense of operating below capacity, or "dumping" finished goods would not obtain, as there would be an assured market for everything produced. Not to the pound of course, but generally speaking—for the main economic essentials.

In restriction of output the old conflict between the engineer and the business man is thrown into highest relief. The true engineer wants to see the shop running at approximately full capacity every working day—maximum output, minimum effort. The true business man with his eye on his sales sheet, cannot afford to think of the shop in such terms. If more money is to be made by going on half time, then one must go on half time. And it is the business man who has the final word.

The English herring catch was artificially restricted in 1920 when the poor of England were facing a bitter winter of unemployment. Yet the unemployed of England, God knows, would have been glad of the herring. In 1921, Brazil was burning coffee for fuel, and arranging an artificial restriction on the rubber crop. The same year, the Indian Tea Association cut the crop to 80 percent of normal. Meanwhile the cotton planters of Oklahoma were organizing a "growers' strike" by which the 1922 crop was to be cut in half. The Great Packers—Messrs. Armour, Swift, Morris, Cudahay and Wilson—have restricted production by entering into private agreements among themselves to limit their kill to certain fixed percentages of the total steer market. This policy from time to time has had a profoundly discouraging effect on the raising of beef cattle on the farms.

This wanton destruction of good food-stuffs—when people are in want of food—excites our indignation, but it is difficult to voice it upon the destroyers. They acted as they had to act, as anyone of us would have acted. Their crops, in terms of price, were not worth the transportation charges to get them to the people who were ready enough to consume them. The whole phenomenon illustrates again the waste which inevitably arises, failing a coördinated plan on a functional basis.

I cannot close this discussion without at least a word on world coördination. The Supreme Economic Council of the Allied Nations during the war gave us a hint of its possibilities. The whole surplus output of an exporting nation was bought up in bulk by the Council and delivered direct to needed points—eliminating untold hagglers and middlemen.

Against such common sense procedure consider tariff and trade barriers and what they mean in lost man power. They may pump artificial blood into an infant industry which—due to plain geographical causes—should never have come to birth at all; they create a swarm of inspectors, officials, busybodies, and lobbyists; they enormously increase the freight mileage of steamships, for straight trade routes from low cost production countries to willing consumers in other countries, are bent into hoops and circles when they strike a tariff wall. Is it too much to imagine the Wheat Division of the League of Nations, surveying the probable yields of the world's fields, and suggesting the allocation of the output on a minimum haul basis to the nearest importing area—to the end that starvation and famine might be held perpetually in abeyance? Whether or not it is too much to imagine, the League of Nations is actually working on it.

There are other forms of waste in production which I cannot even catalogue in the limited space of this article. They include such matters as badly planned communities, over-centralization, uneconomic location of industry, trade secrecy, suppression of invention and the "profitable obstruction" of technical knowledge. But perhaps I have said enough in the foregoing to give the reader some indication of the appalling character of the waste in this department of human activity. In my next article I shall discuss another aspect of waste—that which centres around the consumption of goods.

STUART CHASE.

(Mr. Chase's second article, dealing with waste in consumption, will appear in the New Republic next week.)

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Brookwood

FREE education was one of organized labor's earliest slogans in America. The public school and the state university systems have now almost realized that goal for all those who can afford to postpone earning a living beyond the legal minimum age. In recent years continuation, extension and night classes have enabled many of those whose education was interrupted to continue along much the same lines as the full-time educational scheme. However, from the viewpoint of present-day organized labor two major defects in both the full-time and the part-time educational schemes have disclosed themselves. First, problems peculiar to a wage-earning class in an industrial society do not receive special attention except in a few college classes. Second, the system discharges its students into clerical, professional and employing classes—not into manual occupations.

The industrial worker's education ends with the elementary school. If he happens to enroll in a night class it is usually with the aim of passing into a different occupation. The mass of industrial workers obtain from the existing educational system little general, that is, cultural, education, and practically no knowledge of their collective position in an industrial society, no training in handling the problems that confront an organization of workers. Within the last few years classes have sprung up in many parts of the United States, closely linked with the trade union movement, which aim to do what the educational system has hitherto not done, i. e., to educate the workers who remain in industry, first in the problems of their industry, their class, and their trade organization, second in any subject which they want to study, not for vocational purposes, but purely out of intellectual curiosity. Workers' Education, as it is called, emphasizes economic and social subjects in the curriculum since these have a direct bearing upon the problems of organized labor; it may include literature, or science, or architecture, according to the tastes of the students.

In practice part-time workers' educational classes in this country have been utilized by their students to study cultural subjects more than economics and labor problems, a tendency which has called forth a protest from Dr. Horace Kallen in his recent book Education, the Machine and the Worker. On the other hand, intensive training for trade union activities is offered by Brookwood, a residential college with a two-year course, intended for workers who have shown promise of intelligent and effective participation in the labor movement.

Brookwood Labor College, founded in 1921, is delightfully situated in the hills of Westchester County near Katonah, N. Y. The college aims, as I have said, to equip its students to understand the labor movement, and to carry on trade union activities. The subjects taught are Economics, a survey of industry, transportation and finance; American History—followed by a short review of world history, with emphasis throughout on social movements; Social Psychology; English and Public Speaking; History and Problems of Trade Unions in the United States. Applicants are selected by the Brookwood faculty on the recommendation of union officials. Some scholarships are provided by the unions, others out of a general fund of the school.

Graduates are expected to rejoin the labor world either at the bench or machine or in trade union offices, and in general to serve the labor movement in whatever capacity their abilities and the needs of the movement may suggest. Some of them will perhaps enter the growing field of labor journalism, or organize and teach workers' study classes. Officials who organize and direct the economic power of labor now win election by dint of displaying certain innate qualities of leadership. Brookwood aims to supplement the native gifts of oratory, pugnacity, tenacity, or diplomacy which characterize successful strike-leaders or negotiators with a knowledge of economic processes, a conception of managerial and market problems, and familiarity with forms of industrial government in diverse industries.

The present Brookwood students are not the higher officials who, in well-centralized unions, control the strike power, conduct the important wage bargains, lay down and enforce policies. But strikes and negotiations do not begin or end with the national office. Every shop chairman and every business agent is daily engaged in bargaining with the employer—for adjustments in piece rates, for the reinstatement of discharged and laid-off workers, for the specific interpretation of general principles embodied in the agreement. The settlements thus made not only affect the labor cost of the factory, but influence the relationship of the employer or foreman to the employe, and the occurrence of minor unauthorized strikes. To a large extent these officials must learn their technique on the job, under the guidance of others, but a certain facility in handling facts, figures and problems can be acquired for these, as for managerial posts, by academic training.

Similarly, broader knowledge and understanding can aid the union organizer in his task of handling mass meetings, formulating demands, conducting organization strikes, and thereafter holding and educating newly acquired members. As for the trade union publicist, writer, philosopher, it need hardly be said that the social sciences are his indispensable armory. Lacking this intellectual equipment no movement can make headway with the general public, however efficiently the fighting, organiz-

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ing and bargaining may be done. Finally, those who go back to work in the shops will contribute an intelligent and informed opinion to the basic processes of union democracy.

Thus in one way or another a labor training school can strengthen the trade unions in action. A single institution with two score students and half a dozen instructors is of course insufficient. Nevertheless America's pioneer experiment deserves attention.

The enrollment of the school has grown from 15 in 1921 to 43 in 1925. An equal number of applicants have to be rejected each year for financial reasons or lack of accommodations. The student body for the present year, as in previous years, is composed largely of needle trades workers and miners. New York City, Rochester, Chicago, Philadelphia and Central Pennsylvania (District No. 2, United Mine Workers) are the sections mainly represented, though a sprinkling of students hail from more distant parts of the country, and from other trades. To recruit students and to make contacts with a wider section of labor, the school has this year put a traveling secretary into the field.

The Brookwood student can be most simply described by contrasting him with the undergraduate in the "bourgeois" college—the inexperienced, amiable, impressionable dilletante, who drifts with open and colorless mind through a kaleidoscope of courses to emerge without deep convictions or definite objectives. These students on the contrary, have already been practicing the arts of industrial war and peace; have taken sides in union politics; have held office—as shop chairmen, organizers, deputies, delegates to conventions. Their economic and social background has strongly colored their minds. It is significant to the intellectual life of Brookwood that in the industries from which the majority of the students come, seasonal unemployment is a constant menace; working conditions have been notoriously bad and remedied but slowly after long and bitter battles by the unions; that in these industries something much resembling the class struggle preached by Marx has been palpably going on. It is further significant that the unions, particularly in the garment industries, have been steeped in socialist philosophy and repeatedly weakened by doctrinal dissensions; that they are even now undergoing a difficult transition: the leaders are abandoning militant tactics and assuming a responsible interest in the industry, which to a rank and file brought up on a revolutionary theory, looks like surrender. Now Brookwood is assisting the transition—it is here really for no other purpose than to assist just this transformation in the functions of the union. Many of the students have, through their experience, learned to value shrewd, practical opportunism and employ it. Others have developed an almost religious cult for that militant class unity which laid the foundation of their present industrial status. Some are members of the Workers' party, the extreme Communist wing which seeks only to make converts to the dogmas of the party.

Classes at Brookwood are conducted on democratic lines. The lecturer is always ready to yield to open discussion and having once stepped aside does not easily recapture the ball. Again, the contrast with the typical college class room to a visitor is refreshing. Question, repartee, debate never lag. At the end of the hour the class has often traveled far afield. A criticism that might be made of these excursions is that they so frequently wind up on the well-worn battle ground of present-day trade union politics, and that partisan but deeply rooted convictions derived from these struggles are used in interpreting the remote past. For instance one group seizes upon the career of Alexander the Great as evidence that all leaders are selfishly ambitious, and that they impose their schemes upon their followers by some psychological hocus pocus. The retort is made that the opposition which prides itself on "leaderless" democracy is in itself dominated and domineering. Study of the Federal Reserve system provoked a debate on Labor Banking. Very good. However, the point of chief interest to the class was the effect which Labor Banking may have upon "class-consciousness" of the workers which is the essential, immediate objective of the Left Wing.

The influx of students from other occupations, unions and sections of the country, which is expected as a result of the secretary's field trip, will no doubt broaden the discussions. The dust raised by the dogmatic controversies need not even now obscure the solid advantages that Brookwood offers to the promising young trade unionist: two years away from factory, union offices, picket lines, etc., with books, teachers who are also writers and thinkers in the labor movement; constant discussion with representatives of many different shades of opinion; visits by prominent American labor leaders; occasional contacts with representatives of foreign labor organizations; leisure; training in the handling of material and in the arrangement and expression of thought. Such opportunities ought to produce beneficial results to the American labor movement.

Brookwood is making efforts to include those phases of culture which are related in content to the labor and other social movements. A special course in social dramas and novels is given. The history and economics classes make use of literary material wherever possible. A dramatic club stages scenes from such plays as Hauptmann's Weavers from time to time; plans are on foot for producing some pageants next year. And yet the intellectual bill-of-fare at Brookwood seems monotonous and ill-balanced. To include only those cultural phases which dramatize and emotionalize the drier intellectual features of the curriculum, intensifies but does not relieve or really vary the purposive atmosphere of the place. There is at this moment no room in the Brookwood curriculum for unpractical

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or exotic subjects, pursued for love of the thing itself, not for its bearing upon the class struggle. The students handicapped by poor preparation are bending every effort to cover a large sector of the social sciences in a short time. Housework, cooking and care of the place consume time that might go to athletics or amusements or leisurely browsing in unrelated fields. Granted furthermore that workers' education must primarily train workers to understand and to handle industrial problems, is it consistent with labor's social ideals and ultimate goal that this education, even if pursued under difficulties, should be concerned only with production, distribution, and organizational activity—not with consumption and enjoyment of the things to be produced? The cultivation, on an elective and leisurely basis, of some music, or natural science, or drama, literature, art—especially those aspects which portray other civilizations, tastes, purposes—would give these students a perspective which they now lack, would possibly add to their recreational resources, and would season life at Brookwood without destroying the useful, purposive character of the school.

JEAN ATHERTON FLEXNER.

Cézanne

MR. W. RICHARD SICKERT, in one of those exhilarating discourses in which his wit almost obscures his erudition, once told how, driven from his studio by the iterative volubility of a neighbor's parrot, he took refuge in a lecture-room where I was expounding modern art —only to find that I, too, was saying Cé-zanne, Cé-zanne with the same monotonous insistence. I admit the essential truth of the caricature, but what can I do? How can I help it if Cézanne's figure looms larger and larger with every year that it recedes into the past? When in 1910 he was first revealed to the British public, he appeared, indeed, to be the precursor, but still only one, of a group of artists including Gauguin and Van Gogh, who were not wholly dissimilar or disproportionate to him. But by now the perspective has changed, and he appears to us as altogether *hors concours,* to stand in a class apart, to be related no longer to the other artists of his day, but rather to the great names of a remoter past.

In the intervening years between that first revelation and the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries he has hardly been seen at all in Great Britain, so that the effect when once again one enters a room filled with his works is rather surprising. We have in the meantime become so familiar with the general effect of the note struck by those modern artists who owe allegiance to his example that we are surprised to find how far they have diverged from it, surprised to find his note so extraordinarily different. It is his immense discretion, his reserve, his large repose, that strike one; not that our better contemporaries are noisy or violent—those qualities are the distinguishing mark of our more popular romantics, but even among the older masters few make their appeal with quite such delicacy and subtlety as Cézanne, few put us so much on our honor, as it were, to do our share in the æsthetic transaction. It is true that the pictures shown all belong to the later period of Cézanne's development, though only one is of the last period of all. Still the Cézanne we see here is Cézanne after he had arrived at the full realization of his powers and at acquiescence in his own limitations. He was not always thus content to await our verdict, to lie hidden beneath his subtle, unobtrusive method. He had tried more violent attacks, more desperate appeals, and only when he failed in them, as no artist of great powers had ever before failed, did he fall back on what was indisputable and unattackable in his art. This renunciation of all methods of attack, this return to the inner lines of his fortifications, really implied the discovery at last of what was entirely personal to himself. It implied, for one thing, the abandonment of every trace of Baroque feeling—and it is curious to note how much of the Baroque which had tempted him in all his early work has crept back into the work of some of his successors. This is not to say anything against Baroque design, to which we owe some of the greatest masterpieces; but it was apparently utterly contrary to some fundamental quality of Cézanne's temperament. His intimate feeling was always for the most direct and simplest aspect of things—the aspect, that is, of primitive art. If one looks round the walls of this gallery, one sees that everything is approached from that point of view; Madame Cézanne sits looking straight at one from the centre of the canvas, the body is seen also full-face, the arms as symmetrically disposed as in an Egyptian statue. Again and again in the landscapes we look across an even terrain to the edge of a wood or a rocky mass seen with its greatest extension parallel to the picture plane; and this rectangular simplicity, this parallelism of successive planes, persists throughout every part of the design. Only perhaps in the "Baigneuses" is there an attempted diagonalism in the construction of the picture space, and here and there a suggestion of more complex movements in the figures; but even these tend wherever possible to present themselves in one of the simpler aspects, and, where complex movements are attempted, they are by no means always successful.

Now this extreme simplicity of aspect, this almost diagrammatic way of seeing forms, nearly always leads to a certain emptiness and abstraction in designs where it is adopted, as one can see if one notes what persistent efforts the great Italian primitives made to escape from it and attain to a more complex structural system. Cézanne's peculiar sensibility enabled him to avoid more completely than any other artist the liabilities of that frontal approach to the elements of the picture. His sensibility to

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movements of plane, as revealed by infinitesimal changes of color, was so acute that he had to build up even the smallest surface by putting side by side small hatched strokes of pigment indicating those extremely subtle variations which his eye was capable of perceiving. The peculiarity of Cézanne is that his synthetic result is based on a more minute analysis of the visual data than is that of any other artist. Of course, in a sense, a Van Eyck or a Gerard Dou is even more minutely detailed than he is, but their minuteness is a minuteness of factual data added to one another; what is peculiar to Cézanne is the minute detail of his statement of purely æsthetic and plastic perceptions. It is here, of course, that he is most allied to El Greco, while differing from him *toto coelo* in his method of general pictorial design. For Greco is Baroque throughout, and the swinging rhythm of the main constructive lines sets the key to his minuter statements. Cézanne, on the other hand, builds a rectangular architectural framework, and, even in his detailed rhythms, maintains his austerity of feeling. Two examples may be chosen, though almost any square inch would serve to show this minute analysis of plastic elements. In the background of the still life, L'Amour au Plâtre, a wooden bar goes across a canvas. All this part of the picture is in a penumbra and is very subdued in tone, but this apparently insignificant detail, which most painters would be content to state in a single hurried brush stroke, has been the object of a penetrating analytic study, and is resolved into eight or nine tints of slightly varying blends of purplish greys. Or take again the cast shadow of the tree in Paysage d'Aix. This again might well have been stated in two or three tones brushed lightly into one another, but Cézanne has built it up with successive layers of tiny brush strokes which vary incessantly and give his peculiar effect of the infinite variety of plastic movement even in so simple a thing as a piece of flat ground with a cast shadow falling on it.

This immense richness of æsthetic content, bound together into designs of primitive and austere simplicity, enables us at once to grasp the general idea and yet to find it exfoliate endlessly the longer we contemplate it. What, of course, results, by the way, from such contemplation of Cézanne's method is sheer astonishment that any sensibility could be acute enough for such microscopical analysis without losing the power of coördination, and it is, after all, by the rigorous coördination of all these minutiæ that his pictorial structures hold together more tensely and more solidly than any. I doubt, indeed, if such a feat would have been possible to Cézanne if he had not elaborated some kind of a system. I do not mean by this a theoretical system though some of his sayings indicate his attempts to state certain generalized ideas about pictorial form; I imagine it rather a conscious generalization of his own habits of perception. In this I think the practice of the Impressionists formed a starting-point, for, though he hardly ever followed consistently their method of analyzing the effects of atmospheric color, he took this as a starting point for his own far less literal, less degenerate practice.

Some of the more unfinished water-colors in this Exhibition give a clue to his method. There we see him bent upon realizing at various points in his design the movement of planes as they approach a contour, and almost always the statement is begun by playing three or four tints, a dull violet, a blue grey, a warm green, and a reddish ochre against one another, as though he were accustomed to find in any object similar transitions in similarly situated plastic sequence. Some such method one seems to guess at even beneath the extraordinary complexity of the finished oil-paintings; something which gives them their extraordinary closeness of color texture, although it goes without saying that Cézanne applied his method without ever becoming for a moment doctrinaire or demonstrative. He held to it so loosely, indeed, that he is able on such occasion to build up quite new and distinct color harmonies. There is nothing here that resembles in the least the facile application of a preconceived formula. Each time he begins anew his analysis of the given data, and each time the result is a new synthetic statement.

More than one artist of the nineteenth century indulged in the dream of creating something which should have the monumental quality, the stateliness and repose, of the great masterpieces of early Italian art which they had learned to admire, but too often they copied the external aspects and mannerisms of a monumental style. It was reserved to Cézanne to make apples on a table or the trees at the edge of a wood take on the imperturbable serenity and poise of Giotti's figure compositions.

ROGER FRY.

London.

Washington Notes

REPORTS reaching Washington from Swampscott are to the effect that Mr. Coolidge is now in a much better frame of mind than he was at the beginning of his stay there. Not that he ever gets into a genuine temper or has an honest-to-goodness outburst such as were frequent enough with Roosevelt and Wilson, and were not unknown even to the equable and genial Mr. Taft. Mr. Coolidge does not get mad but he does get "vexed." That is the proper New England word. When he is vexed everybody around him knows it, those who know it best of course being the newspaper correspondents, who come into close personal contact with him. Those who know it least are the millions of men and women who read their daily dispatches telling what the President does, what he thinks and how he feels. The vexation never appears in these accounts. On the contrary the picture presented is always that of a man calm, serene, self-contained, and concentrated on the big problems of his high office.

One of the curious and interesting things about present-day politics is the difference in the personal attitude of the

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newspaper writers toward this President and toward preceding Presidents. With Roosevelt, with Wilson, with Taft and even with Harding there were lots of Washington newspaper men who hated the President and plenty of others who loved him. Each of Mr. Coolidge's predecessors had in the "corps of correspondents" devoted friends and equally devoted enemies. With Mr. Coolidge you become neither. Among the correspondents who have constant and close contact with him in the past two years I really do not believe he has made either a friend or an enemy. Unanimously and with complete accord they write of Mr. Coolidge less critically and more generously than about any other President in their time but the way they write does not reflect their personal feeling. On the contrary it is due entirely to the policy of their respective papers and the trend of the times.

I do not know one of these men—and I know nearly all of them—whose personal opinion of Mr. Coolidge is a flattering one. I do not know one who admires him as a man or as a President. They do not dislike him. They feel, on the whole, kindly toward him but he arouses no emotion among them except occasional laughter. There is at times a certain resentment over the inability to present the man to the public as he really is—but on the whole they do not care. It's all in the day's work.

Just what it was that "vexed" the President during those first four weeks it is hard to say. Some of the newspaper men who drifted back to Washington reported that he was in a constant state of administering some small rebuke to some small person about some small thing and that his querulousness had the unfortunate Secret Service men, who form the Presidential bodyguard, jumpy and on edge. According to the New York Times, one of the things that "vexed" the President was the report that another 10 percent cut in the wages of the New England textile workers was contemplated by the textile manufacturers. Upon receiving this report the President sent for Senator Butler, himself a textile manufacturer, to learn the reasons thereof. Why, during a Republican administration with a high protective tariff particularly designed to benefit New England industries there should not be prosperity in that section, particularly among textile people, is extremely difficult for a President constituted as is Mr. Coolidge to understand. If it were a Democratic administration or if a revolutionary Congress had revised the tariff downward he would know the answer immediately. But under the present circumstances from his viewpoint there simply is no answer. It is puzzling not to say embarrassing to a New England Republican President firmly believing in the magic of the New England high tariff medicine to find it does not work in—of all places—New England.

However the vexation all vanished with the arrival of the good Senator "Charlie" Curtis of Kansas, official Republican organization leader in the Senate. The smooth and astute Charlie brought the best of cheer. All is well in the West. The farmers in Kansas are happy and prosperous. There is no need for an extra session, no need to pass any agricultural legislation, no need to revise the rules of the Senate, no need for apprehension, "no need for nothing."

That was music to the Presidential ear. No line of conversation could possibly please him more. Charlie was made the Presidential "house guest," pressed to stay as long as he could. He was shown around the place and basked in the wintry Presidential smile.

About the same time came David Mulvane and Mrs. Mulvane. Mr. Mulvane is Republican National Committeeman from Senator Curtis's state. He endorsed Senator Curtis's observations and added a couple of his own, to wit: that good crops and good prices are making for satisfaction among the farmers generally and that nearly everybody he knew was for another term for Mr. Coolidge.

It was perhaps unfortunate that while Senator Curtis and the Mulvanes were making themselves so optimistically pleasant at Swampscott the report should reach Washington that a legislative battle led by middle west Republican members of Congress, is forming to assail Mr. Coolidge's program all down the line unless the farmers get what they want. And they want a lot.

The fight centers around Congressman Dickinson of Iowa who has prepared and is planning to push a modified form of the McNary-Haugen export corporation and price fixing bill. To Mr. Coolidge and his distinguished Secretary of Commerce as well as to his distinguished Secretary of Agriculture such a proposition is very bad medicine indeed. They had hoped the last had been heard of the McNary-Haugen proposals when they failed last year.

They were mistaken. Before Congress convenes Mr. Dickinson and members of the House Committee on Agriculture will meet in Washington and organize for another fight. With Dickinson is Haugen and with them both are a considerable number of Western Republican Congressmen, almost enough to call themselves a bloc.

I am further told that they have with them a corresponding number of Senators who, in addition to the demand for economic farm relief legislation, will insist upon reduced freight rates on farm products and are tremendously irritated over the initial moves made by railway heads to have the western rates raised. My information is that the fight for farm legislation is being led by the American Council of Agriculture, a comparatively new organization containing representative men from the various group farm organizations. Their present idea is to compel the administration to give them what they want by threatening the Coolidge program from one end to the other, putting the particular squeeze on the World Court proposition, the Administration tax cut measure and the plan for reorganization of the Government bureaus. Also the policy may extend to the point of opposing the "hands-off" idea concerning the tariff and the plan to quash the Couzens investigation of the Internal Revenue Bureau.

It seems rather a brutal idea—almost like hitting the President with a large stuffed club. Still if they have votes enough in their new agricultural bloc they can certainly get results along these lines in a Senate where the majority is as delicate, unstable and as easily upset as a bowl of jelly.

This news of the middle west agricultural movement—it is news, and it is true—rather discounts those cheerful tidings brought to Swampscott by the Hon. Curtis and the Hon. Mulvane. When you further consider that the Hon. Curtis and the Hon. Mulvane keep their collective and individual ears as close to the ground as any two fellows who play the pretty game of politics, it is hard to believe that they knew nothing of this movement and the suspicion grows that for polite purposes of theirs they were, to use a strong but eloquent expression of the day, feeding the good Calvin "apple sauce." Anyhow, he liked it.

Washington. T. R. B.

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The Critics: A Conversation

Mr. Hudnut—Who has read Hornblende's latest?

Mr. Brill—Not I! I looked into it and the first thing my eye lit upon was a letter purporting to be written by a Frenchman and in which the date was given 1 Janvier with a capital J. After that, I really couldn't go on with it!

Mr. Latrobe—Of course, I think Hornblende's cosmopolitan pretensions are among the most amusing things in contemporary literature. He has never been abroad in his life, you know, but he gets someone to supply him with a lot of continental theatre programs and menus, which he memorizes for purposes of conversation.

Mr. Brill—Really! Ha-ha-ha! Marvelous! Marvelous!

A Lady—Well, this last book of his almost makes one wonder what one could have seen in the others. It's so *dull,* and so *sentimental!*

Mr. Hudnut—Oh, Bert has always been sentimental—the most sentimental man in the world! All this ruthlessness and brutality with which he tries to impress his readers is merely a screen that he's thrown up to defend himself against his own emotions. He always sends a valentine every year, you know, to the first girl he was ever in love with—out in South Dakota somewhere.

The Lady—Well, I'm very much interested to hear that, because that's what I have always felt about him—that he was an essentially weak man trying to disguise his weakness by bluster. It's as if he were continually calling a spade a spade just to show he's not afraid to.

Mr. Latrobe—And, after all, everything that Hornblende tries to do has already been done so much better by Charles Lavender.

The Lady—Oh, yes: Charles Lavender!

Mr. Hudnut—Who is Lavender, Latrobe? I've never heard of him.

Mr. Latrobe—Lavender was an exquisite artist. He was writing in the nineties. He treated the sort of subject Hornblende deals with—and I think it's quite obvious what Hornblende's subjects really are—gracefully, poignantly, charmingly!

Mr. Hudnut—How can you get hold of Lavender's books? I must read them.

Mr. Latrobe—They're almost impossible to find nowadays. I suppose that I am probably the only person in America who has a complete set.

Mr. Hudnut—I'd like to borrow them some time.

Mr. Latrobe—I'm sorry, but I never lend my books—especially my Lavender firsts.

Mr. Brill—I couldn't resist calling Champfleury's attention to Hornblende's blunder! I have written him a letter.

Mr. Hudnut—Oh, yes—tell us about your controversy with Champfleury. I missed the last Revue Libre.

Mr. Brill—Well: to begin at the beginning, in 1885, when the old Revue de Lutèce was started, an announcement appeared in the first number to the effect that one of the features of the magazine was to be its cultivation of English literature—with the usual rot about promoting the interchange of ideas between the two races—and in the very next number was an article on the English novel spelling Dickens D-i-k-e-n-s. D-i-k-e-n-s! I ventured at the time to point out this little error in a letter to the editors and received a polite but insincere reply from Camille Vide, who had written the article—professing his profoundest regret and explaining that a correction would be published in the next number—which in due course appeared, also polite but insincere. Five months later, in another article, this time on a French subject, Vide informed the world that Le Kiosque Parfumé of Tristan Kraus had appeared in 1879. Well: there I had him on his own ground! The fellow didn't even know his own literature! The first edition of Le Kiosque Parfumé, limited to twenty-five copies, was privately printed in 1877—two years before! I wrote an article in excellent French which I called Les Erreurs de M. Vide and sent it to the rival magazine, the Revue de Deux Rives. Well: to make a long story short, the Lutèce crowd have never forgiven me. When my bibliography of the Mexican drama appeared, they reviewed it wretchedly, garbling the passages they translated—

The Lady (talking to Mr. Hudnut, while Mr. Latrobe listens to Mr. Brill)—I'm so relieved to hear you say that you don't think Bertram Hornblende is really such a tremendous figure. That's what I've always felt but until this last book I've never dared to say so.

Mr. Hudnut—Oh, Hornblende is really afraid of life, you know. He tries to get out of himself but he can't. That's the real reason he has taken to living in Honduras. The grandeur of the lonely tropic coasts that he writes about has nothing to do with it at all: it simply enables him to avoid contacts with reality. His wife keeps house for him and does everything for him and he lives in a dream.

The Lady—She's pretty awful, isn't she?

Mr. Hudnut—Oh, I like Edith: Edith's a good sort. Of course, she's not terribly stimulating but then for the sort of thing Bert wants she's perfect.—Bert has a physical deformity, you know—one of his legs is shorter than the other—and it has affected his whole point of view. He's morbidly sensitive about it—he always sits with his legs crossed, so that it won't be noticed. And when he's photographed, he always takes great pains to be standing sideways on a slope of some kind. That's the real reason he's gone in for mountain-climbing so. If Bert can be photographed on the side of a mountain with a pretty woman, he's perfectly happy—just like a child!

The Lady—His wife doesn't make that particularly easy, I understand.

Mr. Hudnut—No: but her jealousy of poor old Bert is utterly ridiculous. He would never do anything even if she gave him a chance.

Mr. Brill—Well, Vide went over to the Revue Libre which his brother-in-law Champfleury was founding and the Revue Libre began to boom Hornblende as the foremost American novelist, because Mme. Champfleury had translated his first novel. He was even exalted by that unutterable sheet Hurrah-Moche, which is published by Lavarnier, who also publishes the Revue Libre. The young pro-American French æsthetes hailed Hornblende as one of the prophets of the literature of big machinery. That was before he had gone to Central America—a good joke on them! I wrote them a letter in French with a translation of the statement he published when he was leaving. But they never either printed or replied to it. Perhaps they cannot read correct French. The very title of their magazine is jargon: it means nothing! They have taken the

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English word "hurrah," which they have picked up somewhere and evidently consider very piquant, and have affixed to it a French slang adjective. Together, the two words mean nothing. It is nonsense! It is neither good French nor good English! An insult to the intelligence!

Mr. Hoskins (speaking for the first time)—It seems to me that in all this discussion of Hornblende we have really failed so far to face the artistic problem he raises. I disapprove of this habit which seems to have become almost universal with our criticism of making personal gossip do duty for an intellectual approach to literature. Hornblende's real weakness, it seems to me, becomes plain when we subject him to an æsthetic analysis. I begin by dividing literary works of art into three classes, whose nature I can best indicate by a mathematical analogy. I also identify these three classes with the three states of consciousness defined by Gundeljeff in his Russian yogi system. The first of these classes includes literary artists who represent some simple æsthetic entity multiplied by itself to a considerable quantity—they correspond to the cubes, the squares and the other powers of algebra. Such writers are Victor Hugo, Horace, Metastasio, Milton and Trollope. This is Gundeljeff's ectogenetic state of consciousness: the works of art are given off by the artist from the outside. The second class is that which includes almost all the greatest figures in literature: it has its mathematical equivalent in the irrational numbers we call surds—that is, numbers of which it is impossible to extract the root—and its philosophical equivalent in the engenetic state of Gundeljeff: the work of art is gestated within the artist and never wholly emerges. Into this class fall Mallarmé, John Donne, William Beckford, the author of the Kalevala, Oscar Pilseck and the best parts of Pindar. It was because we wished to insist upon this element in literature that Pilseck and myself have called our magazine The Square Root of Two, and by resorting to a different technique of analysis from any that has yet been applied to these works, we have shown precisely of what æsthetic elements they are composed and how those elements may be combined, supplying thus what is really the prolegomena for a new body of literature, in which what has hitherto been accidental will be accomplished by intellectual synthesis. There is a third class, however, to which Bertram Hornblende belongs—

The conversation is suddenly terminated by the Downfall of Western Civilization.

EDMUND WILSON.

Jazz and Ballad

THE appointed and the journalistic biographers of Irving Berlin have had so much to say recently about his person that one has almost forgotten his work. It is, of course, his work that draws attention to his activities; but his work, and that alone, remains of importance, and the fact that he escaped death by not sailing on the Titanic is insufficient when detached from Alexander's Ragtime Band and All Alone, to make him a personality.

The songs and revues he has composed are as near universals in America as any other manifestation of popular art. Indeed his detractors insist, without recognizing the talent they imply, that he is only a popularizer, that he plows in other men's fields and even with their oxen. The actual charge of plagiarism every composer has to face, and in Berlin's accounting there is no flaw. There was a tune which sounded something like Alexander and another which sounded like What'll I Do? but apparently it required what Berlin gave to make Alexander and What'll I Do? supremely popular. It would seem that such a specific gift could be easily isolated and defined: actually it is extremely elusive.

There have been two occasions when Berlin so dominated the field that he seemed to monopolize the business of the popular song. The first, more than a decade ago, was when he had written all of the six most popular songs of eighteen months—the time shortly following Alexander and made notable by The International Rag and Everybody's Doing It. The second of these seems bumpy enough now, after the smooth intricacies of Lazy, but the International Rag had qualities which musicians recognized in its time and which are still attractive. It ran and laughed; it had facility; it was very nearly felicitous. Here and there these gay songs had a touch of sentiment—you should hear Eva Gautier lean on the obscure words, "my honey lamb" in Alexander to recognize it; but their distinction was their raciness and lightness, their lack of thoughtfulness, their entire abandon to ragtime.

The contrast with Berlin's return to perihelion is perfect. Too many new men had arrived with fresh rhythms, some with the musical equipment Berlin lacks, so that he could not be alone again; but he could be, and was, supreme. It was only yesterday, with What'll I Do? and All Alone, songs of an almost unparalleled popularity which, in spite of the radio, were inordinately profitable to the composer and as a "comeback" could not be bettered. Both of these are sentimental songs; they lie in that part of Berlin's work which is of the least musical interest: his gift of melody, rather than his gift of rhythm. I have heard, sketchily, the two songs Berlin will publish next; they are in the same field and I should guess will have the same, or nearly the same, success. After his years of work he can write nothing wholly divorced from the rhythms of ragtime, but he can—it is generally known that he attaches the greater importance to this side—subordinate tricky rhythms to a melodic flow which expresses deep or gentle, certainly honest, emotions—and above all the feeling of longing, of loneliness.

If this is wholly the Hebraic strain, the song of the exile, the lament of the dispossessed, how does it happen that these are the very songs which America cherishes? For it is notable that in these, as in the songs of few other composers, the words count enormously. Neither Brian Hooker's sophisticated, nor Ira Gershwin's roughly clever, lyrics carry so in the songs of George Gershwin. Of these you know a few snatches, as you know "I'd walk a million miles for one of your smiles, my Mammy" or "California, here I come" and the rest is humming or whistling, is, in short, the tune. But down to the terrible "just a photograph to tell my troubles to" and "waiting for a ring, a ting-a-ling" you *know* Berlin's words, and apart from a few lapses of intelligence like these, you find that his two expressions, words and music, are surprisingly, perfectly related to each other and to his emotion. It must be therefore that these songs of mitigated woe are universally acceptable to us, almost as acceptable as the sheer nonsense about bananas we chanted two years ago, or our howls of delight when we found that our wives had gone to the country, a decade since.

Suppose we are simply a sentimental people and glorify our mothers as Mammy, our homes as the banks of the

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Wabash or the Swanee, our sweethearts as red-hot mammas or insufficient sweeties—the transference is peculiar to say the least. Suppose, conversely, that our song-writers do not express us at all, and we pay them incredible royalties to present us with acceptable lies. Why are the lies so close to the facts? It is a jumble, in any case. The one thing we are reasonably sure of is that the medium, the present elaboration of ragtime we call jazz, is a musical counterpart to some of our physical, and perhaps some of our mental, or spiritual, rhythms.

That we haven't complete control of the rhythm is clear, because we haven't control over it in its most obvious forms: we have not yet arrived at an adjustment between the pedestrian and the motor car, between the amount of work we have to do every day to keep alive and the amount of entertainment we require every night to make keeping alive worth while; between the science which makes us rich and the faith which blesses the poor. We are in a state of retardation, a physical as well as a cultural lag, and our music indicates, at times, the perfection we may attain to—a ragtime perfection, of course, but one of perfect adjustment.

This is one of the things which make our popular music interesting to think about, quite apart from its primary interests. But where, in this scheme, can you place such ballads as Berlin's? From the International Rag, through Pack Up Your Sins, and down to Lazy, he and his collaborators have caught the internal, still uncertain beat of the growing present; his ballads of sadness have appealed to older instincts, possibly to sentiments that are dying. In the earlier ones there was a forced note, an exaggeration or an unreality; but the current ballads seem to me not false in feeling, not inappropriate, and beautifully articulated. At the same time they seem to have no such immediate fruitfulness as the more energetic forms of jazz, as they apear in Berlin's and other hands. The ballads may be of the nature of the everlasting, which would account for the way they move us now; but they are not so specifically of the present as to move us enough.

GILBERT SELDES.

CORRESPONDENCE

Sending a Friend to the Filipinos

SIR: An ambassador of friendship to the people of the Philippine Islands landed in Manila recently in the person of the Rev. Clarence A. Neff of Foochow, China. Mr. Neff is being sent to the Islands by the American branch of the Fellowship of Reconciliation whose office is at 383 Bible House, New York City, to convey to the people there the knowledge that there is in America a growing group which is in cordial sympathy with their aspirations for independence, and to enlist the coöperation of the peoples of the Islands in the methods of peaceful understanding and teamwork to which the Fellowship is committed.

The American group of the Fellowship of Reconciliation sees in the continued holding of the Philippine Islands by the United States a situation which will increasingly foster suspicion and hostility on the part of the Filipinos and repressive methods on our own part, both leading to possible ultimate conflict. Instead of waiting until that stage is reached and then protesting against war at a time when the forces of understanding and good will have been relegated to the background, the Fellowship desires now to unite the latent good will of Americans for the creation of a public opinion which will redeem the assurances of independence we have given to the Filipinos and to encourage the latter to seek not only political freedom but that larger freedom which comes from a liberated life. The members of the Fellowship believe that if independence can be granted soon in a friendly spirit it will be of more value to the Islands than if granted in exasperation at a time when bitterness has come to dominate the situation.

The reason for the undertaking grows out of the nature of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. This group is made up of many races, nations and classes who recognize the oneness of the human family. They believe that the spirit of love seen in Jesus of Nazareth can work through and of the human family. They believe that the spirit of love seen in Jesus of Nazareth can work through and change all social relations, industry, politics and international life. To them love is not only the basis of a true human society but the only power which can overcome evil and call forth the undiscovered good in men. To belong to the Fellowship means to be a part of an international brotherhood within which there can be no more war. In applying the principles the members not only feel that they can take no part in war, but they question many of the motives and methods characteristic of our industrial order and also our current racial discriminations. The Fellowship has existed in this country since 1915.

"Peace or War in the Pacific"? is the subject of the annual Conference of the Fellowship which will be held in September 10-13, 1925, at Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa. The elements of danger and of hope in the general situation will be discussed.

PAUL JONES,
Secretary, the Fellowship of Reconciliation.
New York, N. Y.

The Artist

SIR: It is a pleasure to have provoked Mr. Waldo Frank's most provocative essay on America and the Artist. Without discussing it, may I say that he errs a little in implying that I had a definite thesis (that American artists ought to go abroad). I wanted merely to examine an assumption—that he ought to stay at home—in the light of the experience of other artists, and in a rather cowardly way I escaped the major dilemma by not taking the specific case of Americans. With my implication that for certain types of American artists a long stay abroad would be advisable, Mr. Frank is in agreement. He considers them, I gather, of comparatively minor importance, but that does not entirely invalidate the argument. The at-homeness of the artist, in any case, depends on his physical and spiritual composition; and his capacity to work depends largely upon his nerves, as they are touched by an alien or native civilization.

GILBERT SELDES.
New York, N. Y.

A South Dakota View of It

SIR: Mr. Chester T. Crowell in his article, I'm for Mr. Bryan, says, "Make no mistake, I'm not trying to be funny." I, for one, had no such suspicion. Rather, he is pathetic. He seems so happily proud to think he thinks. He talks of "we, who hold to the scientific method of thought," and he doesn't seem to have discovered that those who have *really thought* scientifically find no conflict between science and religion. Did you give him two precious pages of the New Republic in which to declare his agnosticism, for that is the large fact which he labored to bring forth?

Mr. Bryan is a fine, old Christian, I believe, who went on talking when he was through, as many do. He had made his main contribution to the thought life of the world before he stubbed his toe on evolution. But when Mr. Crowell can no longer find any place upon which to stand with those "hind legs" of which he boasts, Mr. Bryan's honest Christianity, which became a magnificent part of his equipment years ago, will keep him going strong, even though he is blind to much of that which love and science would teach him if he would stop talking and listen and think a bit. Mr. Bryan's isn't the only noise which were well hushed before it began.

FLORA SHUFELT RIVOLA.
Yankton, S. D.

Debt Reduction

SIR: Your statement that the further reduction of the national debt, instead of tax reduction, has not been advocated by any influential interests, is hardly correct.

The National Grange, the largest and most influential farm organization, favors immediate debt reduction.

The Christian Science Monitor, a pretty influential publication, has editorially favored that policy.

Senator James Couzens, who is decidedly an influence in shaping tax legislation, is also in favor of using the surplus to decrease the public indebtedness.

W. G.
New York, N. Y.

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Missouri One

WHAT this gr-e-e-at country needs is not a good five-cent cigar, nor baseball on the level, nor women in Congress, nor railroad consolidation, nor a skin you love to touch, nor more union cards, nor less college athletics, nor fewer hands across the sea, nor more beer across the bar, nor washable greenbacks, nor something toward a new theatre, nor bigger and better lily cups, nor federal decentralization, nor triassic strata in the churches, nor economists in the White House, nor an upright judiciary, nor one-way streets, nor a square deal for the farmer, nor a reorganization of the coal industry, nor a new straight-eight, nor modernists in every pulpit, nor happiness in every box, nor a Clarence Darrow in every county in Tennessee.

What this country needs is something much simpler, something so simple that it ought to be quite elaborately explained.

In a state called Missouri many centuries ago lived a lost people whose immortal peculiarity it was that they had to be shown. Until, by some process of cautious reasoning, of canny investigation, of doubt, disbelief, and suspicion, they had arrived in their own minds to the point of saying Q. E. D., they refused to believe anything that others tried to tell them, and refused to buy anything that others tried to sell. For some reason, these people, though some traces of them are supposed to be still extant, disappeared. Their state, and all the other states, are now inhabited by people of a quite opposite turn of mind. But the soul of these old Missourians goes marching on. There is just enough left of it to leaven and save the Union, if good use is made of it. Since good use won't be made of it, and since you and I, who are in substantial agreement on this matter, would not get very far by founding, with six hundred dollars in the bank, a Society for the Propagation of the Missouri Doctrine and hiring a stenographer and opening an office and acquiring a mailing list and sending out appeals on a letter-head bearing as emblem the picture of a man refusing to buy Brooklyn Bridge, we'll have to approach the problem in another way.

The most satisfactory way, as always, is to throw the problem bodily into the realm of imagination and pretend that a wise and powerful and subtle man—you or me in disguise—became President of the United States. Since we are only pretending, there is no reason why we should deny ourselves any luxury which that happy condition provides, and so we will imagine that a man secretly and fanatically imbued with the Missouri Doctrine, born on an Ohio Farm, beloved by a grateful people and a victorious army, possessed of an overpowering personality, a silver tongue, and a private fortune—honorably acquired—of two billion dollars, a member of the Shriners, of every other fraternal organization, a communicant of the Catholic, Jewish and Methodist churches, and a former major-league pitcher with a record of 1,008 consecutive strike-outs to his credit—we will imagine that this man was elected President by a majority of 99,000,000 votes. To say that he was a combination of Napoleon, Machiavelli, Ford, Coolidge and Ivy Lee, embodying all, and only, the best features of each, would not do him justice. We would like to do him justice, and write his biography here and now, but we must get back to more serious work.

Our President then, has been in office two or three years. Of course he is going to be reëlected, perhaps as many as six times, so we can leave that worry aside. During those two or three years he has not been idle. He has allowed Congress (every member of which breakfasts with him every day and some of them twice) to pass a tariff dear to its heart—with duties on foreign mail, foreign music, foreign cancer cures; he has abolished income taxes and increased the revenue, and cajoled every cent of European debt into the treasury; he has appointed sixteen thousand new postmasters and given all the old ones major-generalships. All this beneficent activity is only the screen for his true ambition, his fierce, his silent, his fanatical march toward the true goal of Missourianism. To describe by what means he reaches it is too great an effort even for our imagination. Suffice it then to draw a picture of educational methods a few years after his inauguration.

It is as yet too early to adapt the schools. But every Freshman, male or female, as soon as he reaches college, any college (and college is compulsory) finds himself enrolled in an equally compulsory course, which occupies the whole of the first term. This course is called, simply "I saw it with my own eyes," and is nothing more than an ingenious and highly intensive adaptation of the old psychology stunt—a class of students, a shot, two men rush into the room, one of them holding a banana, the exchange of a few words—all carefully prearranged. Some of the students swore the shot was in the room, others that it was outside; some of them swore that the banana was a gun, others that it was the Statesman's Yearbook for 1913, and none of them remembered the words correctly. Under our super-President, all the freshmen in the United States would be subjected, for a whole term, to a pitiless avalanche of similar incidents, until all faith in the reliability of their own hearing and eyesight was drummed out of them. Conversations such as this would be a common, and an encouraging occurrence:

Q.—Is this the ace of spades?

A.—I'm not sure, sir.

Q.—Then what is it?

A.—I'd hate to guess, sir.

Q.—Go to the head of the class!

After the preliminary drill in physical scepticism, the students would pass to a higher course called "I don't believe a word you say" in which all elementary statements of fact were combatted and a sense of the probability of their falsity painfully acquired. This course would have a laboratory section, in which artfully disguised confidence men of many varieties strove to persuade the students into lending, buying, subscribing or signing on the dotted line. A student would remain in this course until he no longer felt any desire to read newspapers, at which point he would be considered ripe for the great king course of all.

This course, universally named Missouri One, would cap, with intellectual doubt, the physical and emotional doubt acquired in earlier lectures. It would embrace all the arts and sciences with particular emphasis on religion and politics. Its aim would be chiefly destructive: To make of the youthful mind a tabula rasa, naked of belief, on which the tender shoots of truth might later grow.

After a year on the sceptical benches and under the annihilating teachers of Missouri One, the student might be allowed to pass, with constant checks and balances in the form of courses on Evidence and the Will to Believe, into certain sciences, and then allowed to receive and perhaps even express, a few certainties, particularly in mathematics.

Since it is so easy to teach people to believe anything, it ought to be easy to teach them not to believe anything at all. And this would be the beginning of wisdom.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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Ferdinand Lassalle

Ferdinand Lassalle, by Georg Brandes. With Introduction by Morris Hillquit. New York: Bernard G. Richards Company. 230 pages. $2.60.

EVERY great movement which is founded in human nature will have its popular heroes who by warmth of personality appeal to contemporaries, and by a certain dramatic splendor of conduct become of legendary magnificence for future generations. The value to the revolution of such types, its saints, heroes, prophets, martyrs, is already clear. Ferdinand Lassalle was a saint not at all, a hero of tragedy singularly mingled with comedy, a martyr manqué, a prophet whose vision was powerless to save himself—but with all his shortcomings and divergences a character singularly fitted to contribute to the imaginative fringe of revolutionary history. It is, as Mr. Hillquit remarks, an appropriate time for a new edition of Georg Brandes's monograph—this hundredth anniversary of Lassalle's birth.

Ferdinand Lassalle grew up in the intellectual Germany of Hegel, and saw the beginning of the transformation to the political Germany of Bismarck. He never lost the Hegelian conception of the state as the realization of morality, right and reason. "His enthusiasm for this idea, and his belief in the destiny of the state not only as a protective force, but also as a positive stimulus to right and culture runs through all his writings." Later he saw almost eye to eye with Bismarck, recognizing the force of nationalism, proclaiming in 1860 the necessity of war with Denmark for Schleswig and Holstein, and the exclusion of Austria from the German Federation to make room for the founding of the German Empire. In view of this parallelism of thought it is not surprising that their slight association should have given rise to the myth that Bismarck considered Lassalle and the Union of German Workmen as an alternative basis with the Hohenzollerns and the Prussian kingdom, for the unification of Germany.

Lassalle began his career as a scholar, but even in scholarship he illustrated the paradox which was both his fascination and his fatality. His first work was on Heraclitus. Heraclitus was a fierce opponent of popular rule in Ephesus. Undoubtedly his intellectual aristocracy, his scorn of public opinion, appealed to Lassalle.

> By instinct [says Brandes] and as a result of his first principles Lassalle was a worshipper of intelligence, of reason, and a passionate scorner of public opinion and numbers. On the other hand, by conviction and as the result of his political and practical principles, Lassalle, as everyone knows, was a most decided champion of popular power, a persistent and successful supporter of universal suffrage, and a pioneer in the service of democratic power such as history had never yet seen. An intellectual aristocrat and a social democrat. The human heart may contain yet greater contradictions than these, but not without loss can they form part of a man's disposition. The phenomenon that here meets us is, in the world of thought, precisely that contrast which was outwardly apparent when Lassalle in his dandified clothes, his fine linen and his patent-leather boots, spoke formally or informally among a number of grimy, horny-handed mechanics.

With the reputation achieved by his Heraclitus and his legal work, The System of Acquired Rights, with an assured income resulting from his prosecution of the Countess Hatzfeldt's case against her husband, Lassalle lived prosperously in Berlin, enjoying the society of his more brilliant contemporaries over whom he exercised a certain mysterious charm. What transformed the dilettante into the agitator is not clear. Perhaps a burning need of activity drew him from the drawing-room and the study to the platform, where in two years he founded the modern labor movement and made himself one of the great figures of contemporary Europe. Doctor Brandes feels no doubt of Lassalle's sincerity. He was intellectually convinced of the truth of the Marxian contention that labor is constantly defrauded of its share in production, because the price of labor is fixed by a frenzied competition in which the workman cannot hold out. He must sell under pressure of hunger. Accordingly while the principle of coöperation is invariably used in capitalistic production, the distribution of profits is made solely upon the principle of individualism. The state of things prevailing is nothing less than lawless socialism, and socialism in the Marxian sense would abolish not property but lawlessness in its distribution. A passage quoted from one of Lassalle's speeches shows that this intellectual conviction was animated by moral feeling. After picturing the life of the well-to-do, of the 44,400 persons with an income of over 1,000 thalers, in their middle class enjoyment and serene confidence that they are the only world that counts, he turns to the others.

> And beneath this scanty handful of people, who alone live and move, speak, write, perorate, realize and secure their own interests, and persuade themselves that they pay the taxes—beneath this handful of men writhe in silent, inexpressible misery the swarming numbers of the poor, the seventeen millions who produce everything that makes life tolerable for us, make possible for us the indispensable condition of moral existence, the existence of the State, fight its battles, pay its taxes, but have no one to think of them or to represent them.

Lassalle believed that the state offered the remedy for these evils, and his campaign was an appeal to the workers to take possession of the state by political means, by the suffrage. He realized that men are politically minded, that they can be stirred to political action when economic principles make but a vague appeal, and that by confining himself to political action he was on ground which he could maintain against all opponents. His movement was the German equivalent of Chartism, with the profound difference that it was based on a consistent economic theory. Throughout industrial Germany he went, speaking to immense audiences, defying the authorities to silence him, accumulating fines and sentences of imprisonment which were hung up on appeal, received everywhere like a monarch on a royal progress. His triumph is one of the epics of the revolution.

And by the paradox which haunted him he was to furnish also one of the great love stories of the modern world—a love story as strangely compounded of passion and pride and fate as that of Tristan and Isolde, of Orlando and Angelica. Already Lassalle as a young man had appeared as knight errant, defending the cause of the Countess Hatzfeldt against the persecution of her husband and his family, and winning for her through innumerable lawsuits her freedom and fortune. Later in his brilliant life in Berlin he had met a girl who, as signs and prophecies indicated,

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was to be his. This was Helene von Dönniges, daughter of a Bavarian nobleman. Later he met her in Switzerland to which country her father was ambassador. He was doubly repulsive to her parents as revolutionist and as Jew. Helene fled from her home to join him, but he sent her back, declaring that he would receive her only from the hands of her parents in the state to which his eminence entitled him. When her father locked her up and refused to let her communicate with Lassalle he set in motion chancelleries and the church to obtain her freedom. He had the shortsightedness to make the medium of communication with the von Dönniges family his old mistress, the Countess Hatzfeldt, and whether from jealous malice or from a genuine desire to save him from this marriage she completed the misunderstanding between Lassalle and Helene. When Helene announced her engagement to the young Rumanian prince Rackowitza, who had been long devoted to her—this on her part was perhaps a ruse to gain her freedom—Lassalle challenged him to a duel and fell at the first fire, mortally wounded.

The story has been told by Lassalle's friends; by Helene herself in My Relations with Lassalle and later in her wonderful autobiography, Von Anderen und Mir; by George Meredith as a sort of tertium quid, in The Tragic Comedians; but nowhere more understandingly than by Brandes in his penultimate chapter. As Brandes says, the ordinary judgment upon a man who sacrifices a great cause to passion is inapplicable here. Helene von Dönniges had come to mean to Lassalle the sublimation of his fate, the supreme test of his destiny. "Lassalle definitely felt that if he were humiliated and beaten in this affair he was overthrown for ever. He realized that the pride and self-consciousness which had carried him through so many hard struggles would be shattered, and that his belief in his star would be gone for all time." Hence he struggled like a giant and raved like a madman against the adversaries whom he could not reach. "So I fall," he wrote, "with and through her will—a dreadful example of the fact that a man should never tie himself to a woman." But as Brandes notes he wrote more truly the words found on his breast in accordance with the code of the duel: "I hereby declare that it is I myself who have put an end to my life."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

A French Critic of American Literature

Autour d' Emerson, by Régis Michaud. Paris: Editions Bossard. 250 pages. 15 francs.

M. RÉGIS MICHAUD—the translator of Emerson's journals into French—has published also two admirable books of essays on American literature. The first of these, Mystiques et Réalistes Anglo-Saxons, contained, along with a few British subjects, studies of Walt Whitman, Henry James, Mark Twain, Jack London, Edith Wharton and Upton Sinclair. The second, which has recently appeared, is entirely American, including essays on Thoreau, Margaret Fuller, Henry Adams and William Vaughn Moody; and it would appear that M. Michaud, who has of late years lived much in America, has seriously undertaken to devote a very distinguished critical talent to what he calls in the sub-title of his new book "la pensée Américaine." This is extremely fortunate for us, for M. Michaud is able to treat American literature from a point of view which has not as yet, I think, been exemplified to the same degree by any American critic and which indeed would probably be impossible for any critic but a French one. The phrase which I have quoted from M. Michaud's title indicates the attitude of mind I mean: how different the scattering literary manifestations of a sprawling and intellectually waste country begin to look when they have been dignified as "la pensée Américaine"! The critical genius of the French for systematizing ideas and drawing up artistic programs has enabled them to construct the most intelligently self-conscious and the most solidly organized culture in the modern world. When they come to deal with the achievements of other nations they tend to impose upon them the same qualities: Taine succeeded in making a coherent story out of the history of English literature, which no one else seems to have been able to do; and now M. Michaud is beginning to discover in our own a logic, a significance and an interest with which we have scarcely been accustomed to credit it. Who but a Frenchman would be able, as he does, to set Emerson exactly in his whole web of intellectual relations extending backward and forward—with Montaigne, with Swedenborg, with Nietszche and with his American contemporaries and successors! Who but a Frenchman could have written his chapter on Emerson and Achille Murat, a nephew of Napoleon who emigrated to the United States—in which he indicates precisely Murat's influence on Emerson, analyzes the ideas in his book on America with lucidity and concision and finally shows neatly how Murat's later views anticipated James's pragmatism? One is glad to note that M. Michaud's publishers announce an Essai Critique sur l'Idéalisme Américain.

M. Michaud is also able as a foreigner to throw into a relief of new significance certain aspects of his subjects which have been neglected by American critics but which, once they have been brought to our attention, start illuminating trains of thought. Thus he is struck by the peculiar combination of extravagance and self-control exhibited by the humor of Mark Twain, the effect almost "athletic" of outrageous statements delivered with a severely solemn face; and points out the enormous rôle of furnishings and clothes in the novels of Edith Wharton. (Has it ever been considered what an important part the furniture and the other properties play in the comedy of Clyde Fitch?) M. Michaud is also extremely acute in tracing the influences of Puritanism even where we are least likely to think of them and credits to them the curious passion for casuistry which figures so prominently in such writers as Mrs. Wharton and Henry James—and, he might have added, in E. A. Robinson—and which keeps their characters aridly agonizing over cases of conscience which would not exist for a French novelist.

It should be said also that, though M. Michaud sometimes goes a little astray in his gauging of literary values—the field where foreign critics of literature are most likely to make mistakes—his instincts in this connection are remarkably true. One is particularly grateful to him for his appreciation of the artistic genius of Thoreau, for his discrimination of the "album de clairs de lune et de couchers de soleil légèrement surannés" of which he says that Walden "on many of its pages" consists from the terse and incandescent poet which Thoreau becomes at his best, and the assembling from Thoreau's journals of the passages in which he sets forth his æsthetic theory. And one is particularly attentive to the reservations by which he offsets his admiration for the poetry of Moody—that singular case

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of whose artistic failure (to the taste of the present writer, at any rate) it is so difficult for even an American to put his finger on the causes.

One has only one reproach to make M. Michaud in connection with his criticism and that is on the score of the anxiety which seems to haunt it for the reënforcement of the Franco-American entente. One feels a touch of the patriotic propagandist which is out of place in the historian and the scholar. In his essay on Le Malaise Intellectuel et Social aux Etats-Unis, for example—which, however, is a remarkably able summing-up of our present situation and, for intelligence and intimate knowledge of its subject, worth all the other opinions by visiting foreigners put together—he writes that "the principal organs of the intellectual and radical group are The Nation, The New Republic, The Freeman, The Liberator, etc. These periodicals have maintained since the armistice an attitude frankly anti-French. Their Russian, German and Irish sympathies are avowed. Much read in university circles, they often make us forgive their partisan politics by reason of their excellent literary articles. They have their natural complement in the advanced literary reviews such as The American Mercury and The Dial, where French literature is held in great honor." Now why should M. Michaud suppose that a disapproval of M. Poincaré's foreign policy implies "an attitude frankly anti-French," especially on the part of The Nation, which listed Anatole France among its honorary editors, and speak as if these magazines held French culture in less honor than The Dial or The Mercury? Their opinions of the post-war governments in France do not constitute them anti-French any more than their criticism of the governments of Mr. Harding and Mr. Coolidge constitute them anti-American. What has M. Michaud, as a master of ideas and a man of the intellectual world, to do with the governments of either? Let him allay his anxiety. His contribution to international culture —which is to say, international understanding—is impaired rather than fortified by his special patriotic emphasis.

E. W.

A Clinical Thermometer

Medical Education, A Comparative Study, by Abraham Flexner. New York: The Macmillan Company. 334 pages. $2.50

OF ALL the professions medicine remains the greatest mystery to the layman. The law is intricate and subtle, but the number of men who have informed themselves about those aspects of it which hedge their personal concerns is nevertheless large. Theology is as esoteric as it has always been, but no less than always it is the happy hunting ground of the world-weary and even the merely disputatious. Pedagogy is still an indoor sport for amateurs. But medicine, once the private monopoly of anointed bull-roarers, is now by virtue of Wassermann reactions and electrocardiograms no less a mystery and a monopoly. Alone of all the professions the medicine man retains his awesome title on the golf links and at the dinner table. Alone of all the special departments the medical library is kept under lock and key and laymen are admitted only upon presentation of special passports and then with suspicion and under strict surveillance. The public has been educated to believe first that it cannot and then that it should not properly attempt to read the literature by which the doctor is guided in the exercise of his authority over life and death. Whether this is desirable or not may be left an open question. In any case it does have undesirable effects, one of which is that few laymen will be attracted to a reading of a book on Medical Education. They will expect it to be written in the unintelligible jargon of the doctors who, now that everyone discusses syphilis, have taken to calling it lewes simply to drop their listeners behind. And in substance they will expect it to deal with nothing more interesting than otology and protozoölogy.

In the present case, however, these assumptions are quite unsupported by the facts. Doctor Flexner (who, by the way, is a classical scholar and not a doctor of medicine) has discussed here not the minutiæ of medicine but the main character of medical education. And not only is medical education after all education, as someone has observed apropos this book; not only does it participate in the general problems of pedagogy; it presents also a series of quite distinct problems which accentuate by the uniqueness of their content some of the permanent and inevitable dilemmas of every sort of education. As an account of the development of medical education and a comparative portrayal of the work of the European countries and America the book should be of interest to everyone who is aware of the importance of medicine in modern life. Indeed, patriots should read it for the pride they can justly feel, so it appears, in the progress that has been made by the medical schools of the United States. But for the discriminating, the microcosm of medicine will reveal here more than one index to the universe of civilization.

Thus in medicine, as in the world at large, good things seem to come in mutually exclusive but inevitable pairs. Clinic and laboratory represent different methods, and behind each method a habit of thought and even a world philosophy. Is medicine to heal patients? Then it must deal with cases, and by clinical observation of the conditions of their illness and recovery equip itself to recognize and treat disease. But is the doctor to control disease or merely to facilitate recovery with empirical balms and herbs? The final control issues only from the laboratory in the form of precise knowledge. On one hand, clinics can not wait for the laboratory. Their concern is with patients who require treatment now. But, on the other hand, laboratory researches do not profit by being hurried, and next year's patients are the losers if the laboratory is ignored. If the problems lead back toward biochemistry and violet ray photography, they must be followed nevertheless, and the doctors must wait if they really want to effect cures. Treatment and discovery: technology and culture: the trade school and the college.

This is the issue of principle. The same fault line divides institutions, and occasions friction between rival faculties. In France, for example, the medical school has grown up in the hospital and is therefore almost wholly clinical. There are fine laboratories in France, of course, but they are a special growth, distinct from the hospitals in management and use, and available rather to research specialists than to the profession as a whole. The great clinicians may have private laboratories of their own, but they do not put their students through them. The result is that France has contributed remarkably little to modern medicine. In Germany, however, laboratories have been attached to hospitals, hospitals to laboratories, and both to the universities. Hence Germany's unparalleled record of achievement. The American practice has been adapted from Germany, largely through the influence of Johns Hopkins. Indeed, the earliest American medical schools appear to have

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been too awful to serve as a foundation for modern building. They were trade schools of the rankest sort, with little dissection, no autopsies, and only desultory clinics: a few bombastic lectures on symptoms and useful drugs, an elaborate ritual of initiation, and the young doctor was sent forth into the world to do or kill. With all this the German innovations provided a complete and salutary break. In addition, through the munificence of the American millionaire we have an increasing number of medical institutes, devoted exclusively or primarily to research, where clinics and laboratories so merge as almost to lose their identity in each other.

This complete mutual assimilation Doctor Flexner seems to regard as the ideal of medical education. No doubt it is the ideal of all education. Yet human nature is a universal obstacle. Most of the members of a profession are necessarily professional men with a bias of professional interest. Most of the clinicians are practicing physicians with a suave but persistent contempt for academic paltering, while most of the laboratory men are university teachers with strongly marked cases of professorial temperament. Add to this the fact that the clinician is usually affluent and influential and the academician usually poor and totally dependent on his connection with an endowed laboratory for the pursuit of his profession, and a rather delicate situation emerges forthwith.

In dealing with this situation Doctor Flexner is wise in his suggestions to medical administrators, moderate in his demands upon the altruism of interested parties, and most conciliatory in his statement of the common aims of all. Nevertheless the impression lingers of an inevitable division of professional interest and educational procedure. Doing and knowing are the positive and negative poles of all human activity. Both are necessary to every complete circuit. But they do not on that account exactly pull together.

C. E. Ayres.

New Germany

Germany, by George P. Gooch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 360 pages. $3.

MR. GOOCH boasts excellent credentials as a writer on modern Europe and more particularly on Germany. We know from his Historians of the Nineteenth Century that he has kept abreast of the scientific movement of the age and that with due professional reserve he enrolls himself among the adherents of the passionless intelligence of Ranke. Further, his several books on contemporary Europe acquaint us with his mastery of recent developments in both the domestic and foreign fields as well as with his appraisal of events from the angle of an unswerving Liberalism. For, in spite of his complete theoretic detachment, Mr. Gooch is alive in the present hour and shares the outlook and favors the social organization championed by the advanced intelligentsia of the middle classes. That means that he believes in science, well-being, parliaments, majority rule, the fraternity of peoples, and world peace. It also means that he is aware of powerful opponents to his right and left, but that he is resolved to tolerate them with all the kindliness he can summon as unescapable elements in the complex of present-day society.

With this approach he was admirably qualified to give a sympathetic account of a Germany which with the revolution of 1918 threw off a reactionary yoke in order to gather under a standard which Mr. Gooch might almost look upon as his personal banner. His book is a description of republican Germany with a swift review of imperial Germany to serve as a logical gateway and historical contrast. Not that he would be other than meticulously fair to the defunct empire! He shows that the German middle classes, like all middle classes whatsoever, desired liberty and national unity, but that, unable to achieve both at once, they contented themselves with the latter, especially as it came to them, whose country had for centuries invited the mockery of Europe, under circumstances involving a sudden and novel intoxication of power. Idolizing Bismarck, who brewed the heady potion, they blindly accepted the chancellor's foreign policy without particularly noticing that after 1871 it resolutely eschewed adventure; and when William II, standing in Bismarck's place, departed from his predecessor's program, and launched his country on the perilous waters of Weltpolitik, they lustily cheered William too. Mr. Gooch makes out no one-sided case against the new directive. Why should not Germany follow a course in which all the other great powers had preceded her? But, pursued under the impulsive Kaiser with upstart eagerness and incredible caprice, it indubitably became a tremendous factor in that anarchy of competitive imperialisms which, steadily gathering momentum, at last plunged Europe into the World War.

All this with Mr. Gooch is Vorspiel, simply and expeditiously unfolded. Then, as he turns to his real theme there is noticeable, indeed no change of tempo, for the author's practice in composition is a strict adherence to andante, but a more sustained benignity of tone. If the revolution itself with its regrettable violence still imposes restraint, the bond is broken with the Weimar constitution, the main features of which are presented with analytic penetration and an all but avowed approval. Inevitably Mr. Gooch has the defects of his admirable qualities. In his discussion of the consequences for Germany of the treaty of Versailles he unemotionally lists all the salient facts, content to let the reader draw the obvious inferences. Only in the incontestable cases of Eupen, Malmedy, the Saar, and Upper Silesia does he permit himself to pronounce what may pass as indignant judgment on the palpably dishonest procedure of the Allies. In a word, as consistently as human frailty permits, he travels his chosen middle course; and if we miss the volcanic fires which burn in the depths of life and, are, after all, its final cause, we get with friendly insistence the spirit of an even-handed justice, without which human affairs are doomed to perpetual disorder and destruction.

In his final section the author passes from politics into the realm of social and intellectual movements and here we have without doubt the most valuable contribution of his book. Whoever is interested in the many new impulses astir in Germany will find an intelligent report on them condensed into a few chapters. The immensely suggestive step toward improved social coördination implied in such measures as the Factory Councils and the Federal Economic Council is carefully described, while remarkable innovations in democratic education, like the Volkshochschulen, are cited as evidence that, no less than the old, the new Germany is animated with unbounded fervor for what it regards as the indubitable blessings of education and ordered knowledge. A brief, balanced account of such outstanding figures of the intellectual world as Keyserling and Spengler gratifyingly assigns a high place to the almost unknown Troeltsch, now slowly coming into his own as

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perhaps the most creative contributor to the social sciences during the first quarter of the twentieth century. Nor does the author fail to take note of the expressionist drama as represented by Toller and Kaiser, though why he should omit the conquest by expressionism of the other arts is a trifle puzzling. Here is a corner of Mr. Gooch's comprehensive canvas where his brush worked far too swiftly. In a concluding chapter the political historian again assumes his mantle to venture a cautious forecast for the new republic. Admitting the almost insurmountable difficulties of the German situation, he yet believes that the republic will live and thrive in the democratic spirit to which it has been dedicated, depending on one supreme condition. That is that the Allies abandon the intolerable servitudes sanctioned by the treaty of Versailles and give the new Germany a chance to live at their side as their legal and moral equal.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL.

Public Ownership

Public Ownership, by Carl D. Thompson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 445 pages. $3.

AN ADMIRABLE document. Mr. Thompson sets before us an inventory of public ownership both here and abroad at the present time. The book is profuse in tables, figures, charts, maps and pictures, but is very readable notwithstanding. We start with a survey of those functions of government to which we have become so habituated that we do not regard them as "public ownership" at all—the judicial procedure, schools, roads, the public domain, the reclamation service, the national parks, the public health service, the coast guards, social insurance and countless state and municipal enterprises of like nature. Not less than two million persons are employed upon federal, state and municipal work, and the combined budget in 1921 was over eight billion dollars. While the bulk of these enterprises are not industrial in the manufacturing or trading sense, they have to do with vast capital outlays, with a very great total of productive man-power, with the furnishing of essential services for human consumption.

After all the line between industrial functions and social functions is largely metaphysical. From the standpoint of the ultimate consumer it tends to vanish altogether. Everyone of us, whether as human beings or as citizens of the Republic, must have certain essentials or we sicken and die. Food, shelter, clothing, education, recreation, health service are imperative biological or psychological demands. To all, the government caters as well as the entrepreneur, and in the end it makes little logical difference if the timbers in your house were grown on the national forests and milled by the Jones Lumber Company. Thus I think that Mr. Thompson is within the facts when he views the totality of government enterprises as "public ownership" in the wider industrial sense.

The elaborate distinctions of Mr. Hoover and the individualists as to what the government is ordained by God to do, and what it isn't, together with the dire plagues and punishments that fall upon a people with temerity enough to transcend that line, largely violate the plain record of past experience and have scant roots in human behavior. Mr. Thompson if he has a fault flies too valiantly to the other side. God watches over governments and is dubious about business men. Of course this whole time-honored row is mostly bunkum. Both government functions and private functions are carried on by human beings subject to identical laws of stimulus and response. There is no mystical non-human force in government, or in laissez faire. Both may be, according to driving circumstances, very excellent, or very rotten. The circumstances are the governing factor, not the form. Meanwhile for a century socialists and individualists have been arguing bitterly about form. Mr. Hoover still intones the empty syllogisms on the one side, and Mr. Thompson is too often tempted to answer him by chanting counter medicine.

But largely it is a book of facts—admirably compiled, admirably documented, admirably expounded. The chapter on the Ontario super-power project is particularly good. Circumstances here seem to point to government ownership and operation as altogether the best form for coördinating electrical energy over wide areas. . . . Even as in the case of developing a new invention like the automobile, circumstances would seem to point to laissez faire as the most effective form; or in the case of fruit growing and marketing, farmers' coöperatives. One grows weary of gods and devils.

S. C.

The Veil Unlifted

Eastward, by Louis Couperus. New York: George H. Doran Company. $5.

NOMINALLY Couperous went to the mystery-haunted islands of the Sunda Seas as a special correspondent for the Haagsche Post. In reality he seems to have gone as an honored guest of the Dutch government. And his going was undoubtedly a part of that publicity system without which public administration has now become wellnigh unthinkable. It is quite plain that his tour was "personally conducted" and for that reason sharply limited in its opportunities. Even more serious, however, was the fact that, in order to produce his articles, he had to skim along on the surface, and on the surface he remains throughout the greater part of a book that contains a great deal of charming writing and very little of lasting value. There are a small number of outstanding chapters, showing that, after all, the book is worth reading, but showing, too, how much more worth while it might have been. The rest may on the whole be classed as polite and pleasing verbiage. And the strongest impression left is of the man behind the writing. It is the impression of a kindly, sweet-natured, beauty-loving, open-minded, and sincere personality,—practical to boot, as most Hollanders are said to be, and yet first and last a dreamer of dreams.

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN.

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